PLANET
CO
No. 47
MAR.
10c
AURO, Lord of Jupiter, in
"The GREAT GREEN SPAWN"
ALSO
Mysta of the Moon
LOST WORLD – SPACE RANGERS
AND MANY OTHERS

The SUPER 7 OF THE COMICS...

ON SALE-1ST

ON SALE-25TH

ON SALE-1ST

ON SALE-10TH

ON SALE-1ST

ON SALE-25TH

WHY GUESS? GET THE BEST!

ON SALE-5TH

ON SALE-25TH

NEW! ACTUAL SCREEN THRILLERS PRESENTED IN AN UNUSUAL BOOK! *Don't miss it!*

LOOK FOR THE *BULL'S-EYE!*

FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE

PLANET COMICS, No. 47, Mar., 1947. Published every other month by Love Romances Pub. Co., Inc., 670 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. T. T. Scott, Pres.; J. F. Byrne, Mgr. Editor. Re-entered as second-class matter July 8, 1940, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Contents copyrighted, 1946, by Love Romances Pub. Co., Inc. Yearly subscription in U. S. $.60; Foreign $.80. Single copies 10¢ in U. S. For advertising rates: Advertising Director, Fiction House, Inc., 670 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A.

NEXT ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS (No. 48, MAY) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND MARCH 10th.

THE Lost WORLD

by THORNECLIFFE HERRICK

"THAT VIDEO BROADCAST IN WHICH YOU SAW TWO EARTH PEOPLE DESTROY A VOLTA LEGION, **HAPPEN DID NOT! FORGET IT, YOU MUST!**" SUCH WAS THE DECREE THE VOLTA LEADERS BROADCAST... EVEN WHILE AGAINST **HUNT BOWMAN AND LYSSA** THEY WERE PLOTTING.

L. Renie

IN SPITE OF OUR EDICT, SOME WHAT THEY SAW WILL BELIEVE_ NOT WHAT WE THEM TELL. THAT BOWMAN DESTROYED MUST BE!

TRUE, BUT A BETTER PLAN I HAVE. AND ALREADY IT BEING CARRIED OUT IS.

WHILE ON EARTH...

IT'S NEARLY TWO MONTH'S NOW SINCE WE'VE SEEN A VOLTAMAN, HUNT. DO YOU THINK THEY'VE ABANDONED THE IDEA OF CONQUERING EARTH?

NO LYSSA, THEY'LL BE BACK. BUT WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

GOSH, SO YOU DID BRING HIM HERE, LYSSA. WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE WHAT I'VE BEEN MAKING.

TO OUTPOST 34. HE HAS SOMETHING TO SHOW US.

THERE HE IS NOW. COME ON!

LOOK! IT'S A MODEL OF A MODERN EARTH CITY. THE KIND WE'LL BUILD WHEN WE'RE FREE OF THE VOLTA SCOURGE.

IT'S GOT EVERYTHING. SPACE SHIP LANDING TOWERS, REFUELING RAMPS...IT'S A GOOD IDEA, PETER! LISTEN_ THAT SOUND!

WHILE ON VOLTA...

MY BUSINESS IS TO TEACH THE YOUNG THAT CRUELTY A VIRTUE IS. BUT NOW I FOR THE BROADCAST MUST THEM CALL!

AS OUTSIDE...

HURRY UP, INGOR, YOUR SPEAR THROW! PRETEND AN EARTHMAN IT IS AND KILL!

BUT SMALL AND DEFENSELESS IT IS. AH_ THE BELL TO THE CLASSROOM US SUMMONS.

SOON...

CAREFULLY THE VIDEO WATCH. FOR AN EXPERIMENT ON CATCHING EARTH PEOPLE BEGINS.

WHILE...

VOLTA SPACE SHIP CRASHED! HURRY!

I FIXED UP THAT OLD AUTOMOBILE. JUMP ON, I'LL DRIVE!

SWIFTLY...

THERE IT IS, BUT BE CAREFUL — SOME OF THE VOLTAMEN MAY BE ALIVE!

THAT'S RIGHT, WE'VE GOT TO BE ON GUARD. BUT THERE'S NO ONE AROUND.

THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE HERE, HUNT. WE'D BETTER GET OUT!

AS...

PUPILS! THE FOOLISH EARTH PEOPLE THE CRASHED SHIP HAVE ENTERED. OUR OTHER SHIPS APPROACH AND GIVE THEIR ORDERS.

WITH MAGNETIC RAYS OPEN FIRE!

INSTANTLY...

YOU'RE RIGHT, LYSSA. I FEEL QUEER. COME ON, LET'S GET OUT.

THIS WAY TO THE DOOR. HURRY!

COME ON, PETER. WE'D BETTER ALERT ALL OUTPOSTS.

YES. THIS MAY BE A TRAP

I'LL RUN ON AHEAD AND— WHAT!

LOOK OUT, HUNT! WE'RE IN THE AIR!

HANG ON TO ME. THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE SAFE!

WHILE...

SEE HOW EASILY THEY CAPTURED WERE. NOW WE TO THE LANDING FIELD TO SEE THEM LAND WILL GO!

SORRY FOR THOSE POOR EARTH PEOPLE I AM. FOR BRAVE THEY ARE. BUT SUCH THOUGHTS I MUST HAVE NOT!

AND SOON, THE BATTERED SHIP WITH ITS PRISONERS IS GENTLY DROPPED ON VOLTA...

SOON...

VOLTA, HUNT. IT'S EVEN WORSE THAN I IMAGINED.

AND I'M TO BLAME FOR LEADING YOU INTO THE TRAP!

HO, EARTHGIRL, TO OUR LEADER TURN AND BOW!

HUNT! STOP HIM!

THERE! THAT'LL TEACH 'EM TO KEEP THEIR PAWS OFF YOU, LYSSA!

THE BOWMAN OUR COMRADE SHOT HAS! HIM DISARM!

BEHIND YOU, HUNT, LOOK OUT!

HIM HOLD, COMRADE! NOW I WILL HIM SHOOT!

HOLD! THESE EARTH PEOPLE TO OUR CITIZENS EXHIBITED WILL BE. TO THE BOWL THEM TAKE!

AH, OUR WARRIORS THE BRAVE STRANGERS TAKE. BUT I HIS WEAPON HAVE.

GO AHEAD, LYSSA. THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT OBEY THESE DEVILS.

CITIZENS OF VOLTA! FOR THREE LUNAROIDS THESE EARTH PEOPLE DISPLAYED WILL BE. THEN THEY DIE!

SO, WARRIORS, INTO THE BOWL NOW THEM HURL!

HUNT! HE'S PUSHING ME— OHHHH!

THREE DAYS! THREE DAYS TO LIVE, AND THEN...

AND WE'RE TO BE STARED AT FOR THREE LUNAROIDS. HOW LONG IS THAT?

WHAT— WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE ARE WE?

INSIDE A TRANSPARENT BOWL— LOOK!

WHILE...

PUPILS, THESE SPECIMENS BACKWARDS TALK BECAUSE THEIR INTELLIGENCE FEEBLE IS. TOMORROW THEM WE MORE CLOSELY OBSERVE WILL! NOW TO THE DORMITORY, COME!

SOON...

FOOLISH EARTH PEOPLE FOR THEMSELVES THINK AND ACT. THEY NO WISE MEN TO PLAN FOR THEM HAVE. TO SLEEP NOW GO!

?

GUARDS NOT WATCHFUL ARE. THIS EARTHMAN'S WEAPON THEY HEAR NOT WILL.

THEN...

THOSE EARTH PEOPLE BRAVE ARE. TO LIKE THEM BE, ONE MUST WHAT HE THINKS IS RIGHT DO!

AS...

LISTEN, HUNT, DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

YES_ AND LOOK! AN ARROW!

IT I DID! NOW BACK TO BED RUN I MUST!

SOMEONE TIED IT OUTSIDE AND SHOT IT IN TO US! I'M GOING TO CLIMB IT.

SIGNAL US WHEN YOU'RE ON THE TOP AND WE'LL FOLLOW!

GUARDS! GUARDS! EARTHMAN ESCAPING IS!

THEY'VE SPOTTED ME! NO TIME TO SAVE THE OTHERS!

DOLTS! DOLTS! DOLTS! TWO MEN AFTER HIM GO!

INSTANTLY...

THE LIFT USE! THOSE OTHERS HERE BRING! KILL THEM NOW I WILL!

WE'RE CAUGHT— THEY'RE LIFTING US OUT!

AS...

HUNT ESCAPED, PETER. I SAW HIM SWING INTO THE WOODS. LOOK!

MEANWHILE...

I'M IN LUCK— STUMBLED ONTO THEIR LANDING FIELD THAT GUARD, NOT LOOKING...

THAT DOES IT! NOW TO GRAB A SHIP AND TRY TO RESCUE LYSSA AND PETER.

BUT...

EXECUTIONER, YOUR RAY GUN DRAW! THE EARTH BOY FIRST SHOOT. **FIRE!**

INSTANTLY...

PETER! PETER! **NO!** BUT HE'S DEAD! AND NOW IT'S MY TURN TO DIE— **HORRIBLY!**

WHILE...

THERE'S ONE LONESOME CHANCE TO SAVE THEM _SET AUTOMATIC CONTROL TO SKIM OVER THE BOWL!

AS..

I'M DOOMED, BUT AT LEAST HUNT ESCAPED!

SPACESHIP ABOVE IS! LOOK!

TOO LATE FOR PETER, BUT LYSSA _ I'LL SAVE HER OR WE'LL DIE TOGETHER!

HOLD TIGHT, LYSSA! I'VE GOT YOU!

HUNT! THANK HEAVENS!

LATER..

WE'LL BE SAFE BACK ON EARTH IN A FEW DAYS, LYSSA.

YES, HUNT, BUT I'LL ALWAYS WONDER WHO SHOT THAT ROPE INTO THE BOWL. PERHAPS N :'LL NEVER KNOW!

AND..

REMEMBER, WHAT YOU SAW HAPPEN DID NOT! EARTH PEOPLE ON VOLTA NEVER WERE!

?

INSTANTLY...

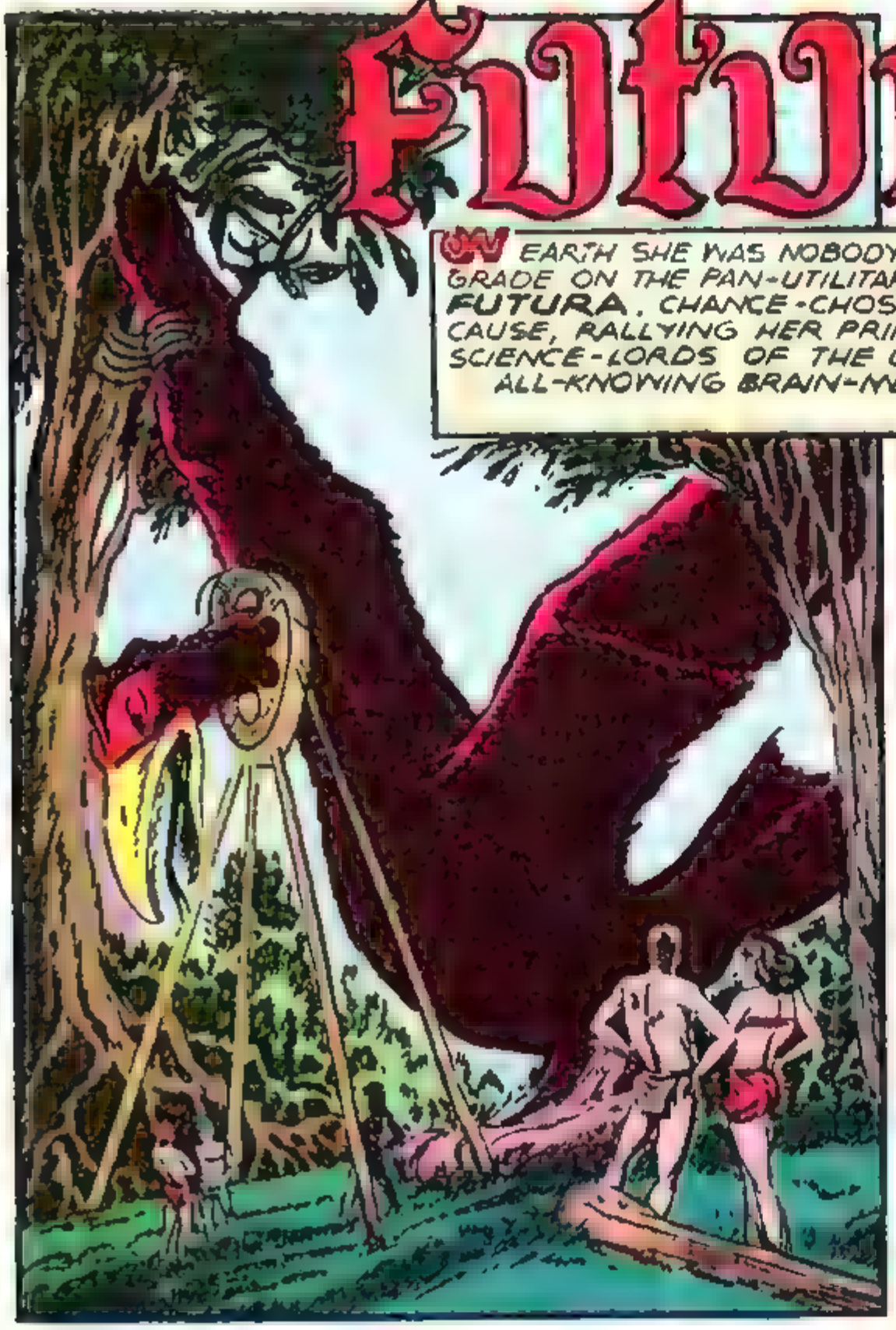
ESCAPE THEY! RANGE TOO GREAT IS!

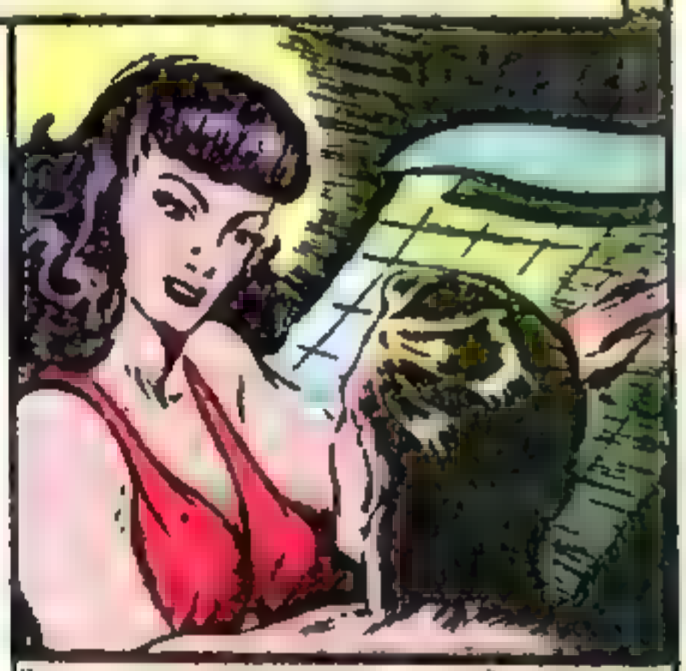
LOST WORLD appears in every PLANET COMICS!

Futura

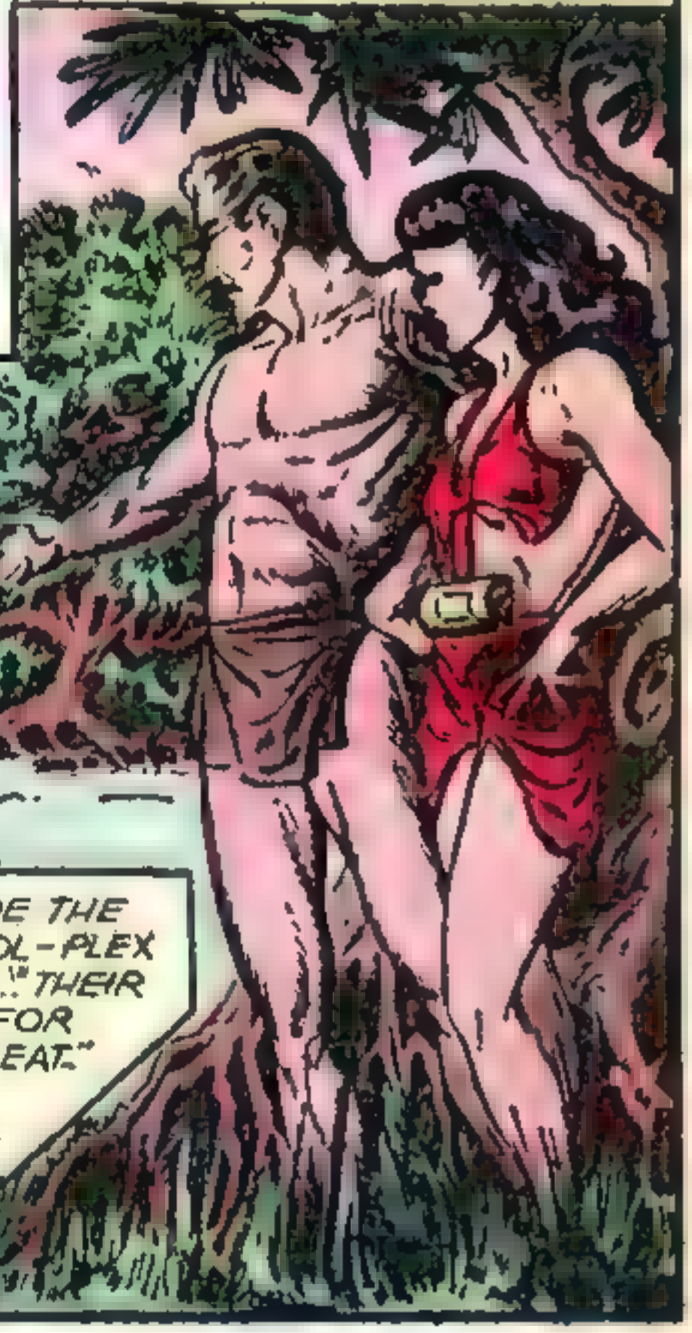
by JOHN DOUGLAS

ON EARTH SHE WAS NOBODY— A MERE B-MINUS RETROGRADE ON THE PAN-UTILITARIAN SCALE.. HERE SHE WAS **FUTURA**, CHANCE-CHOSEN LEADER OF A LOST CAUSE, RALLYING HER PRIMITIVE FEW AGAINST THE SCIENCE-LORDS OF THE UNIVERSE— THE MIGHTY ALL-KNOWING BRAIN-MEN OF CYMRADIA...

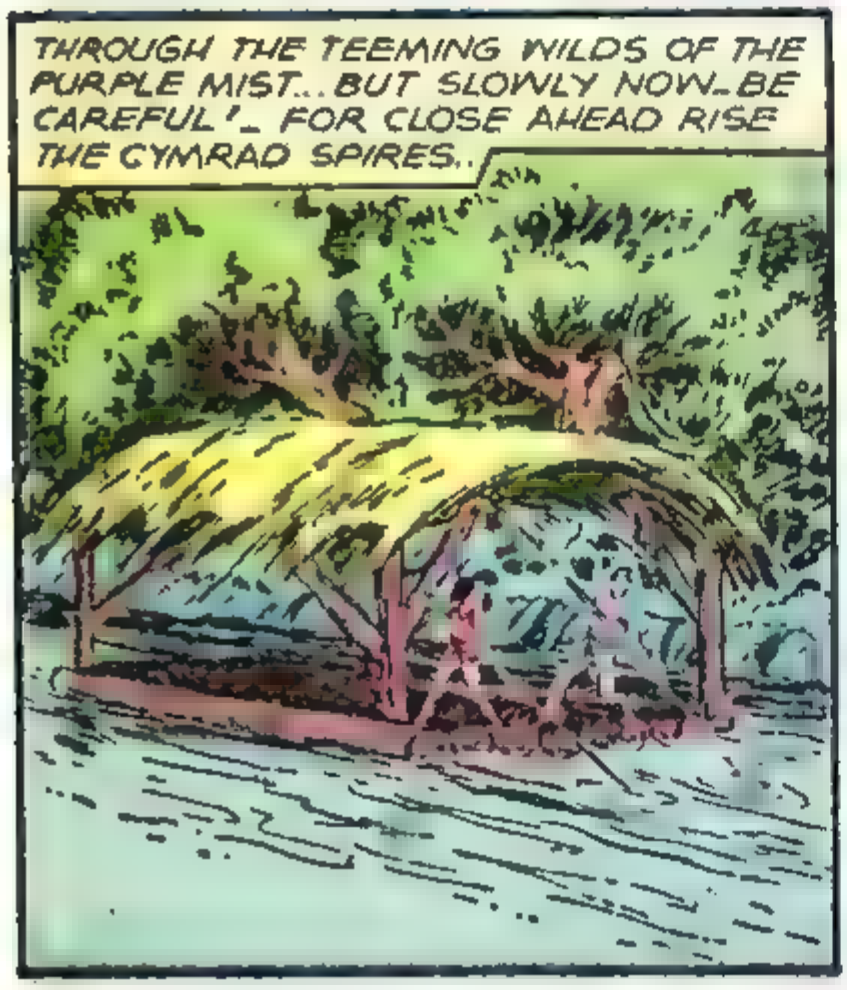




"THAT LIZARD-BIRD IS OUR WEAPON," SHE CRIES. "AND HERE WE ATTACK... COME, JARL ZED, I WILL SHOW YOU...



THROUGH THE TEEMING WILDS OF THE PURPLE MIST... BUT SLOWLY NOW— BE CAREFUL!— FOR CLOSE AHEAD RISE THE CYMRAD SPIRES..



BUT OUTSIDE THE WALLS, A SOL-PLEX STRUCTURE.. "THEIR FACTORY FOR MONSTER-MEAT." FUTURA WHISPERS..

NEARBY, IN HIS LABORATORY, LORD MENTOR CHECKS TEST OF **PROJECT SURVIVAL**. "EXCELLENT!" HE PURRS. "BRING THE X-CHARTS!"

WITH GLITTERING EYES HE STUDIES THE ELECTRO-PULSE OF THE CYMRAD BRAIN IN ITS CAPTIVE BODY. "SUCCESS!" HE SHOUTS. AS THE VIZO GLOWS AND CRACKLES

A DISTANT VOICE SPEAKS "YANDOR TO LORD MENTOR. TWELVE CAPTIVES ABOARD ARRIVE ZETA. 4 HOURS."

AND FROM HIGH VANTAGE, FUTURA DIALS A CAPTURED VIEW-PROJECTOR "LOOK." SHE GASPS.

ON THE VIEW-SCREEN A WIERD SCENE FORMS. "THE FATTENING PENS. FOOD FOR THEIR SYNTHO SLAVES"

"VITA-PELLETS FOR BRAIN-MEN, BUT WORKERS NEED MEAT AND BLOOD.. COME, I'LL EXPLAIN MY ATTACK AS WE RETURN"

HER PLAN WAS SIMPLE ENOUGH STRONG ARE THE MIGHTY COMRAD MECHANS," SHE ARGUED "WITHOUT THE MUSCLE OF THE EMPTY-HEADED SYNTHOPOIDS TO OPERATE THEM BY THEIR MASTERS' COMMANDS?

"...THIS SPACE-SLED TO POWER MY FLYING SKELETON...I WILL TRAIL THE DUSK-FLIGHT OF THE GREAT SWAMP FLOCKS..."

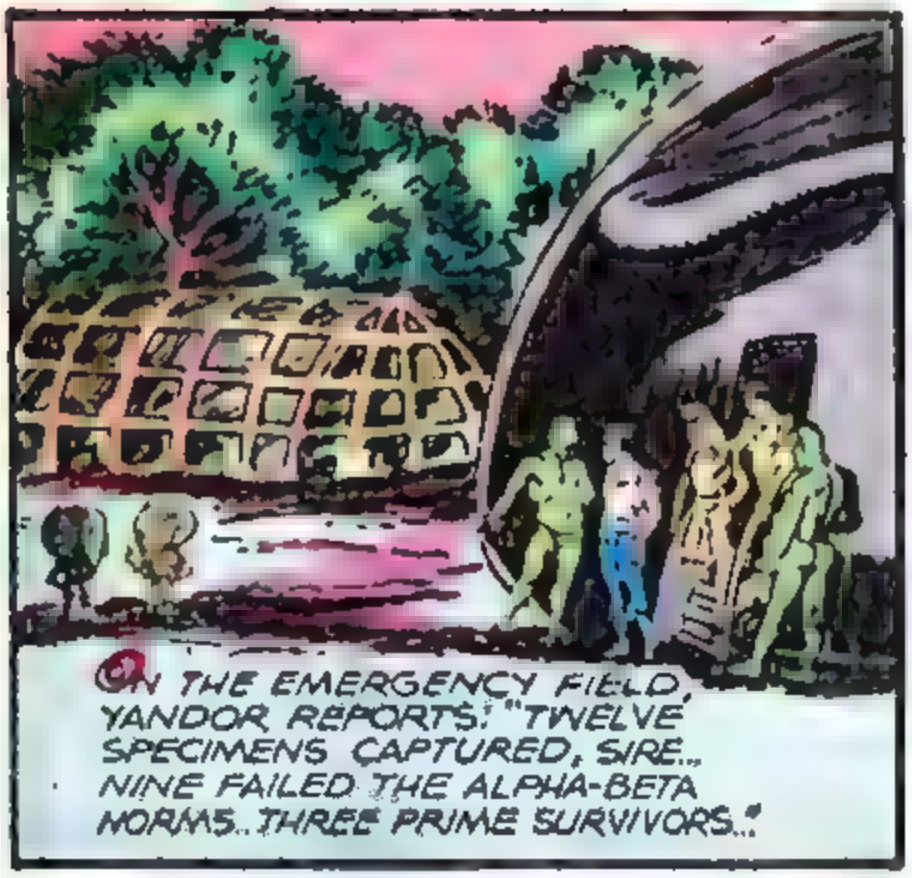
"AND ONCE INSIDE THEIR FORCE FIELDS, IT'S BLAST AND RUN STAND CLEAR - I'M WARMING THE JETS!"

THEN RUSH OF SOUND - A DARTING SHAPE - A SPRAWLING BLUR INTO THE MISTY SKY. WHILE AWED EYES WATCH - AND MOURN FOR HER ALREADY

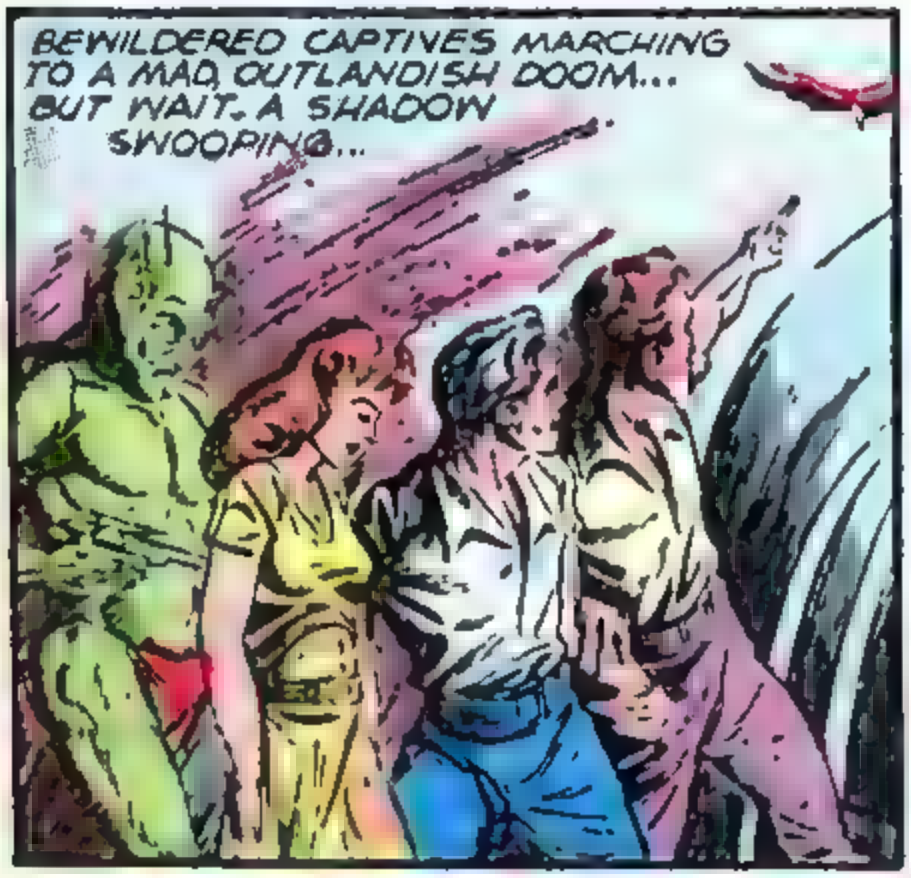
AHEAD A LIVID MENTOR RAGES AGAIN A STASIS IN THE SOLAR DYNAMOS... THE LANDING-TUBES FOR SPACE CRAFT JAMMED - AND YANDOR ON THE IN-BEAM!

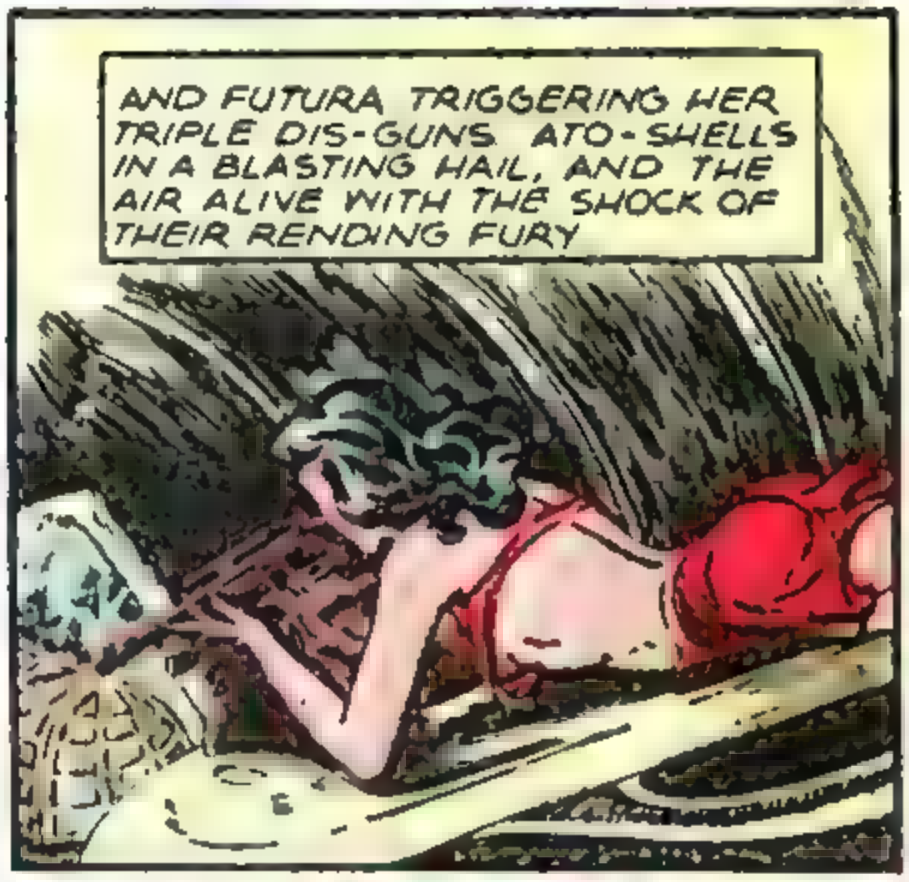
ORDERS SPARK FORTH. "DIC-DAK TO YANDOR. URGENT INSTRUMENTS OFF...WE WILL TRACTOR-BEAM YOU IN FOR EMERGENCY LANDING..."

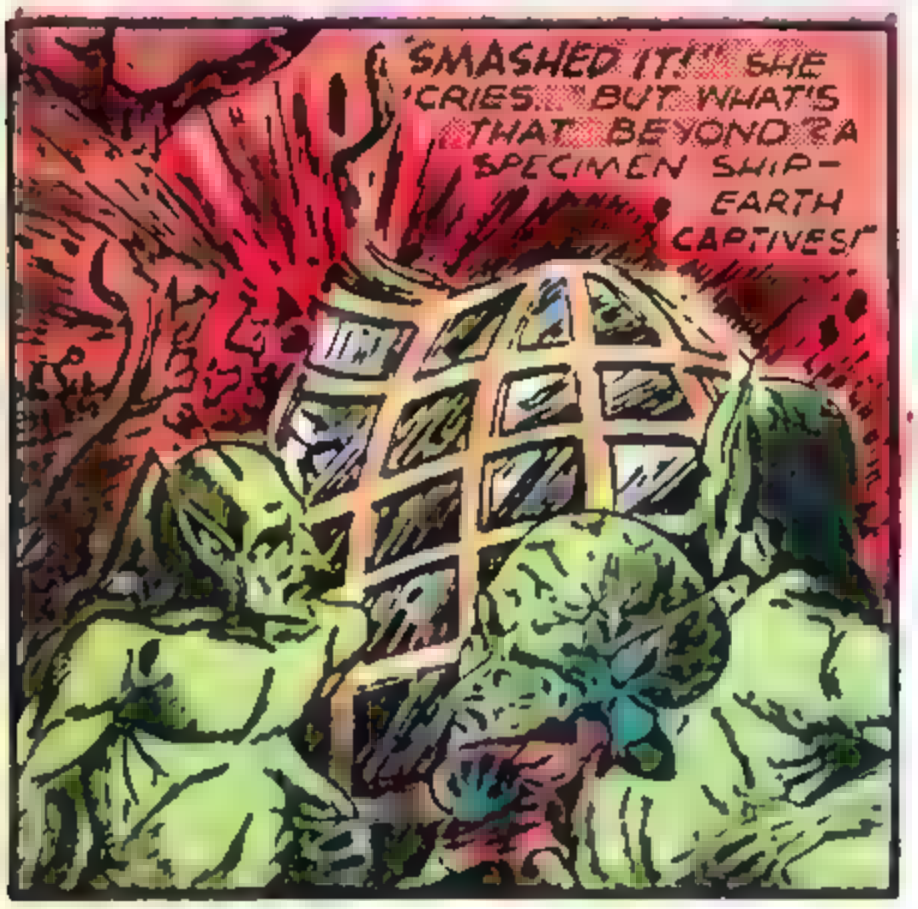
...A LIZARDON-SHAPE QUITS THE NESTING FLIGHT. "NOW," FUTURA MURMURS, "A LONG GLIDE DOWN, AND THEN THE TRIGGERS."


ON THE EMERGENCY FIELD, YANDOR REPORTS: "TWELVE SPECIMENS CAPTURED, SIRE... NINE FAILED THE ALPHA-BETA NORMS..THREE PRIME SURVIVORS..."

"GOOD!" MENTOR CHUCKLES "PUT THE PRISONERS IN CHEM-LAB 6, AND ORDER SIXTY EXTRA ERGS OF MEAT FOR THESE CREWMEN!"

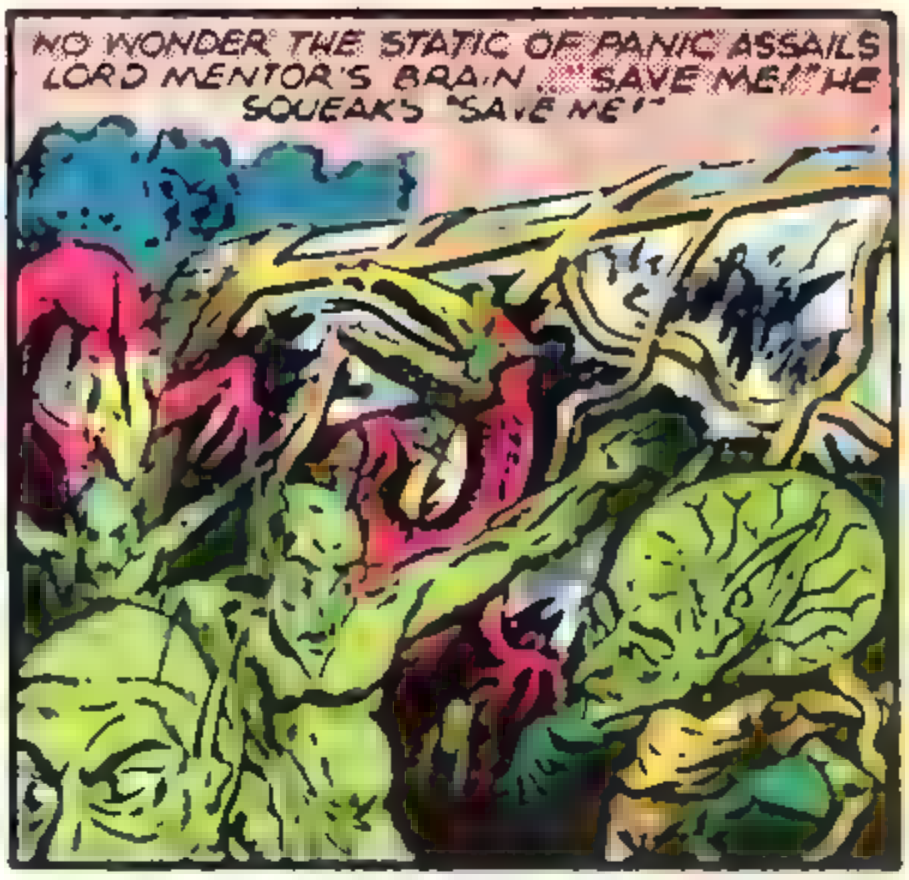

BEWILDERED CAPTIVES MARCHING TO A MAD, OUTLANDISH DOOM... BUT WAIT. A SHADOW SWOOPING...


AND FUTURA TRIGGERING HER TRIPLE DIS-GUNS ATO-SHELLS IN A BLASTING HAIL, AND THE AIR ALIVE WITH THE SHOCK OF THEIR RENDING FURY


"SMASHED IT!" SHE CRIES... "BUT WHAT'S THAT BEYOND? A SPECIMEN SHIP— EARTH CAPTIVES!"

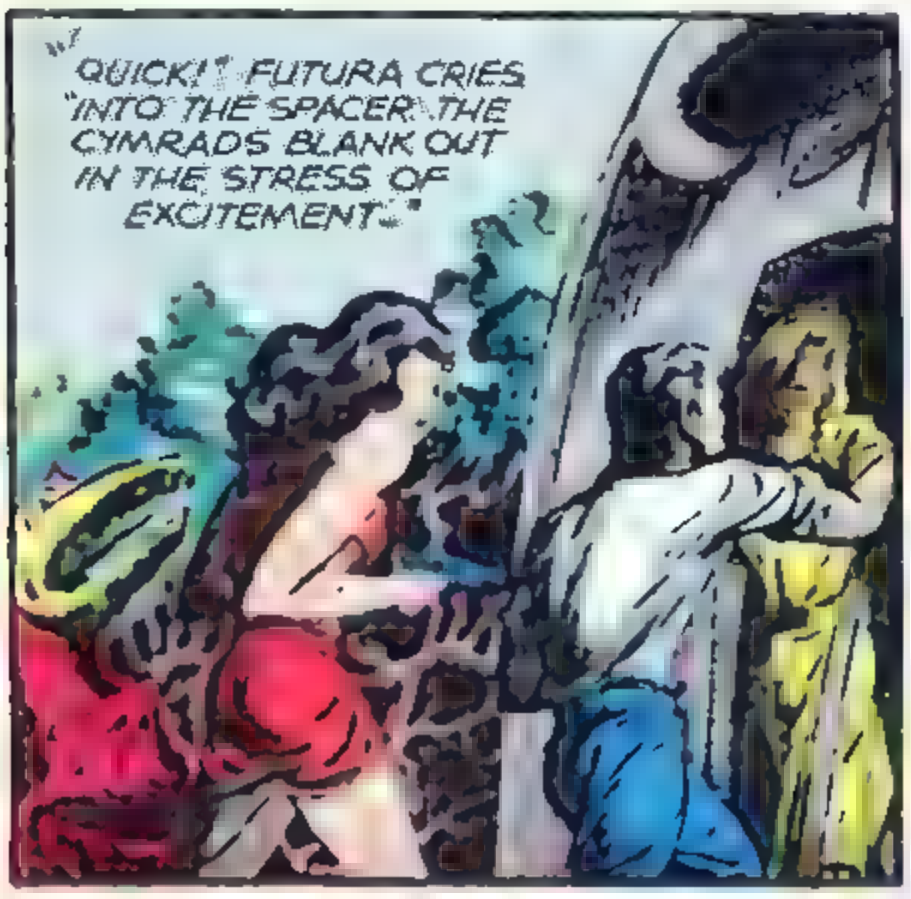
.AND A NEW PLAN STEERS HER SLED-CONTROLS AS TERROR BREAKS LOOSE IN THE MONSTER-PENS...

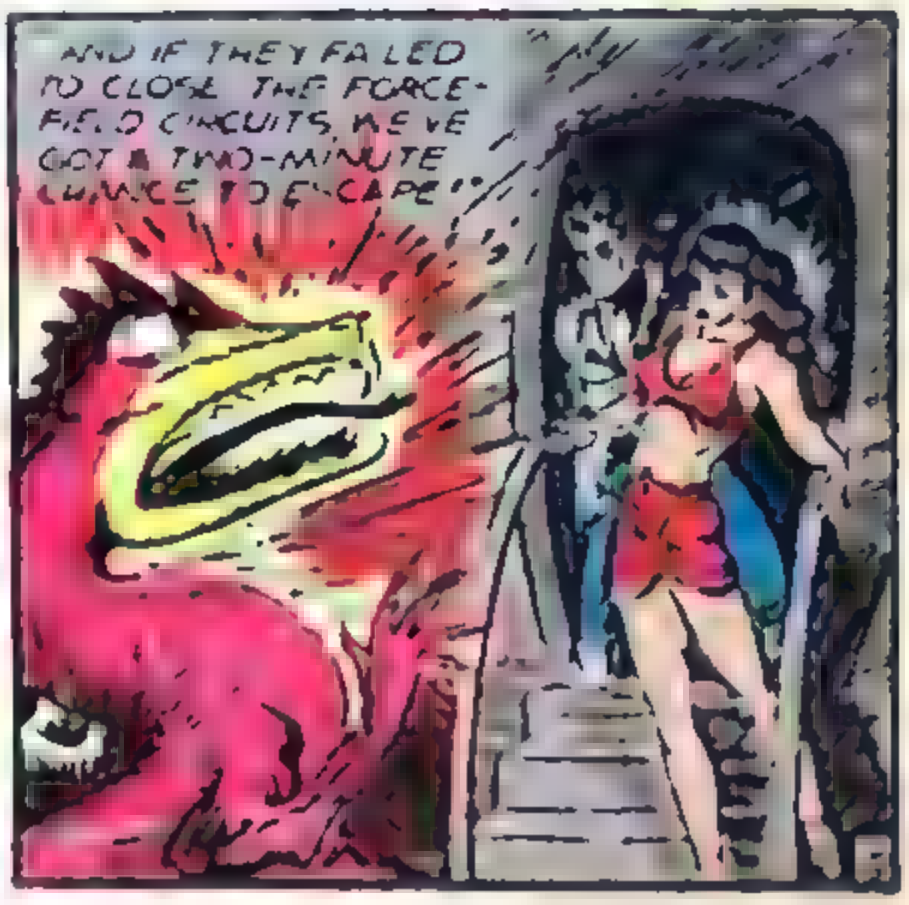
SAURIAN GIANTS RAGING MAD WITH FEAR SIX-TON LEVIATHANS ROARING OUT THEIR HUNGER-LUSTS....

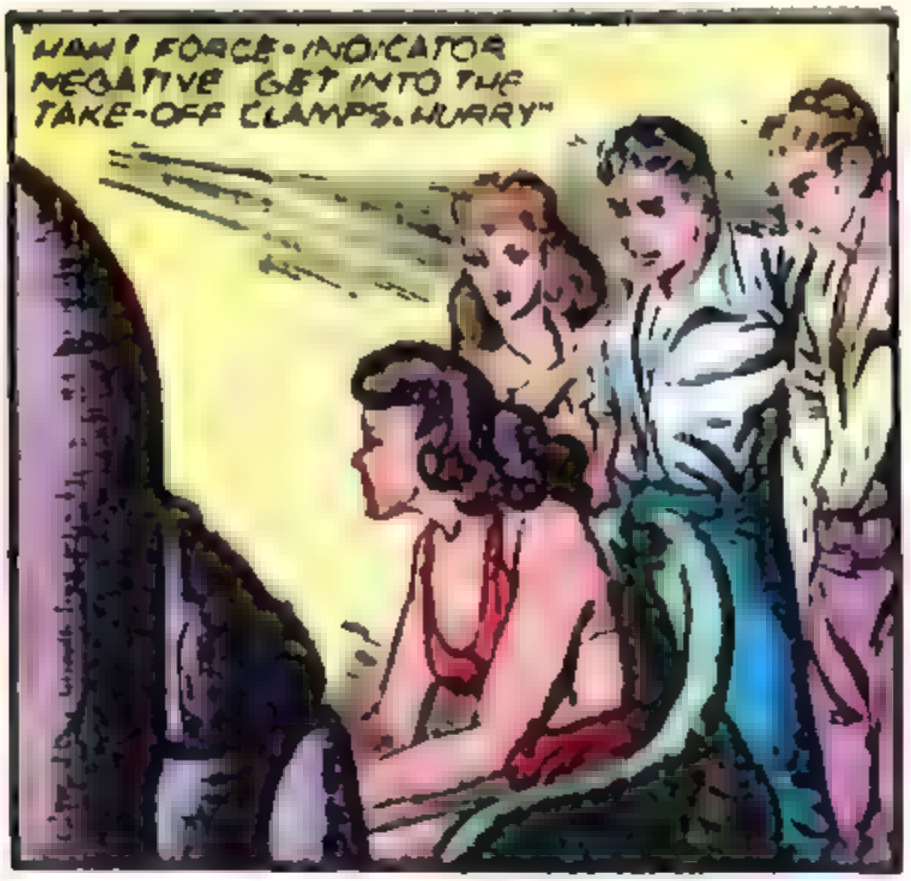

NO WONDER THE STATIC OF PANIC ASSAILS LORD MENTOR'S BRAIN... "SAVE ME!" HE SQUEAKS "SAVE ME!"

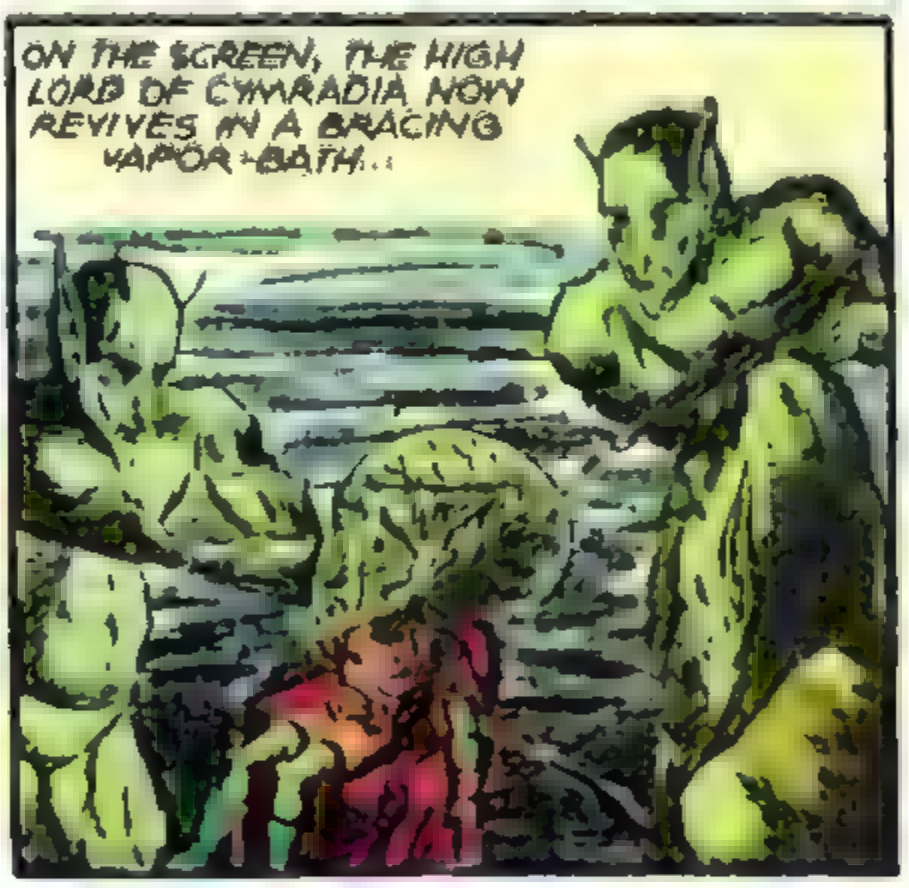
ON THE GUARD TOWERS CONFUSION REIGNS LORD MENTOR. HE HAS PLANTED HIS SYNTHOS STAND HELPLESS THE BIRD..IT LANDS..LOOK!"

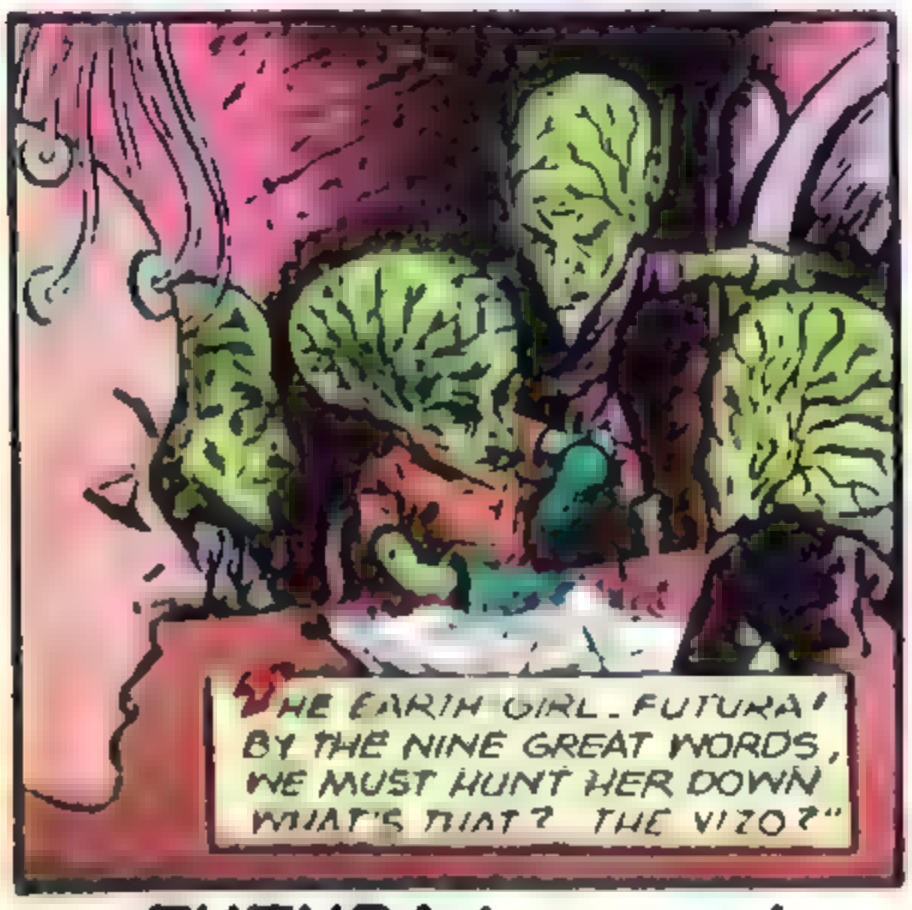
THE PRISONERS STARE IN AMAZEMENT AS A FIGURE EMERGES..AS A VOICE HAILS IN THEIR OWN TONGUE


"QUICK!" FUTURA CRIES "INTO THE SPACER..THE CYMRADS BLANK OUT IN THE STRESS OF EXCITEMENT."

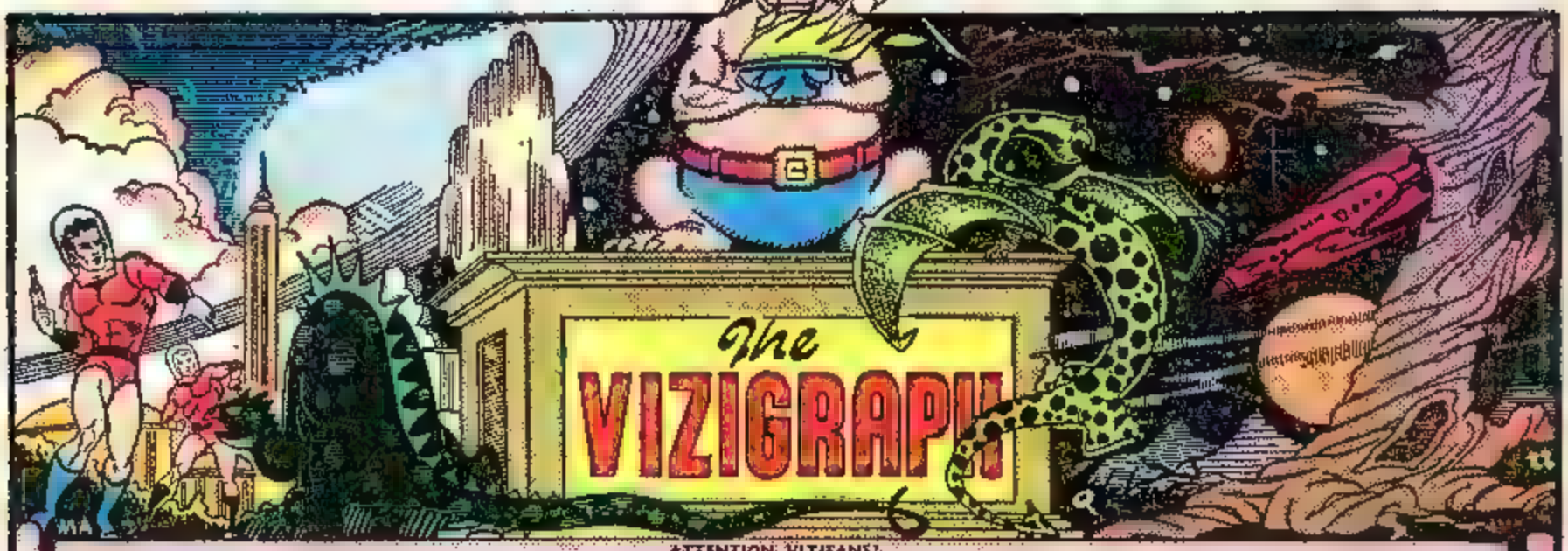

AND IF THEY FAILED TO CLOSE THE FORCE-FIELD CIRCUITS, WE'VE GOT A TWO-MINUTE CHANCE TO ESCAPE!"







FUTURA in every issue of PLANET COMICS.



A LINE ON A LUNG

Dear Editor:

In the Space Rangers' story in the November issue, how was it that Flint Baker was able to stay conscious longer than Satanta, when women have a larger lung capacity than men?

Sandy Wiesman
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sandy:

Yours is a rather common error. The types of breathing between men and women are different: men employing the abdominal type (Stomach); and women the costal type (Chest). However, women do have greater rib flexibility, which gives the illusion they have larger lung capacity than men. You can breathe deeper now, Sandy!

Sincerely,
Hugh Fitzhugh

• •

WELL, AW-REET!

Dear Editor:

Just a line to extend my highest compliments on your excellent comic book. I like all the features in it. That lickle who complains of the slanguage used by the Volta men needs to get hep to the jive. In this modern day of departure from the usual in English, i.e., jive talk, pig latin, etc., you'd think that person who complained of the speech used by the Voltamen would have learned to get hep by now. All the girls in your stories are all reet, slick chicks, wolf bait, Dorna, Futura, Lyssa, et al. With the timely elimination of the Face and the inception of Bron, I hope I see a romantic partner for Mysta. No person as lovely a heroine as she should wander around in and out of trouble without a "Bron" to help her out once in a while.

Keep up the good work . . . I can hardly wait for the next issue each succeeding month.

Forrest P. Long
El Paso, Texas

• •

VIZO-FLASH FROM SEATTLE

Dear Editor:

Yup—here in Seattle, PLANET Comics is a real "whizzaroo." Haven't missed an issue since I was a little molecule. Now I see your vizigraph is all ready for business, so I took this chance to let you know what a hit you've got. Every story is jam-packed with science, adventure, action, and beautiful babes. Keep up the good art work and stories, and I'll be a steady reader until the Earth hits the Sun.

Vizigraph Communications Post
XP-21173-OP6
Seattle, Washington
Planet, Earth

• •

A FUTURE FOR FUTURA?

Dear Sir:

If you ask me, PLANET Comics is really cooking with U-2351 Futura, Star Pirate, and Life on Other Worlds are my faves.

Also, pu-lease don't let Jarl Nord, in Futura, die. Let him team up with Futura, huh?

Lin Carter
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Editorial Comment: Sorry, dear reader, but Jarl Nord died from a para-ray blast received when he and Futura last visited Cymradia. His body was put into a atmos-sealed capsule, and shot deep into a sub-Sargazzian abyss, where the Cymradians would never find it. But have patience . . . Jarl Nord has a very handsome brother. . . .

• •

FANCIES OF A FANTASY SOCIETY

Dear Editor:

About this new strip, Futura: In my opinion, it is head and shoulders above the rest of the features. In second place, Star Pirate. . . . Excellent drawing by Anderson, and a rather clever part straight—part humorous, plot. Third place: Mysta of the Moon—but not so good as formerly. Fourth: Life on Other Worlds. Fifth: Space Rangers. This strip was much better back around issue No. 36 with Baker and Ryan as a team. Contending for last place are Lost World and Auro. Poor Auro: in the old PLANET Comics, Auro was spendid—but now—UGH! And Lost World—PHOOEY!

Science-fictionally yours,
Robert R. Pattrick
Glendale, California

• •

UNIFORM UNIFORMITY

Dear Editor:

Just a word about the costumes in PLANET Comics. The drawings are pretty neat, but why can't Hunt Bowman change those sad suspenders and shorts for a pair of long pants with a belt! Also, why not take that crazy cloak off Star Pirate and give him long pants too? Another gripe of mine is why does Auro wear a complete uniform and high boots while Dorna goes around in next-to-nothing? To make it seem like real life, clothe her or put less clothes on Auro!

Otherwise, PLANET is just about tops among the comics. For my dime, it's a reek deal.

Fan-attically yours,
Ken Skoug, Jr.
St. Paul, Minn.

• •

Dear Editor:

I think you should have the U.S. put up a defense! I also think that the Voltamen should NOT be destroyed completely. Don't let that Bill McVey, who suggested making your features more affectionate, cheat you out of a good thing! WHO WANTS YOUR COMIC BOOK TO TURN INTO SOMETHING LIKE LOVE ME DEARLY? The Voltamen are O.K., and the way they speak is O.K.

Buddie Arkell
THE SCOTSMAN WITH FIRE
Sebring, Florida

AURO LORD OF JUPITER

CHARLES

MANY ARE THE STRANGE MEN AND SEMI-MEN WHO PEOPLE THE PLANET JUPITER. BUT WHO MORE STRANGE THAN AURO...AURO WHO HAS A WARRIOR'S HERITAGE AND THE BORROWED BRAIN OF CHET EDSON, A PERISHED VISITOR FROM THE LITTLE KNOWN ORBIT, EARTH?

EXPERIMENTING AGAIN, MY AURO? YOU ARE TRULY THE SCIENTIST SINCE WE MERGED YOUR BODY WITH THE BRAIN OF THE DEAD EARTHLING, EDSON!

MERELY AN INACTO-RAY TO COMBAT THINGS ORGANIC, DORNA.

AS, IN A JUPITERIAN LAB...

PROFESSOR, WE'VE DONE IT! THE BRAIN OF THE DEAD ZAGO, KING OF THE UNDER WORLDERS LIVES... LIVES IN OUR ENERGO SOLUTION!

YES, BUT PERHAPS WE SHOULD HAVE CHOSEN ANOTHER SUBJECT FOR EXPERIMENT.

I TREMBLE... WERE THAT EVIL GENIUS TO BE UNLEASHED AGAIN... **CAREFUL**, FOOL!

I...I... THE BRAIN... STRUGGLING FOR FREEDOM ...CAN'T HOLD IT!

HELP_IT'S CLUTCHING _I_OOH!

DIS GUN USELESS_CAN'T KILL THE DEAD _WE'RE DOOMED!

YES, DOOMED_AND SO IS JUPITER, FOR EXPOSED TO OXYGEN, THE BRAIN OF ZAGO BECOMES A RAGING, GIANT FURY...

As..

THAT'S ENOUGH RESEARCH FOR TODAY. YOU MUST NOT BECOME TOO COMPLETE A LAB WORM. YOU_ THE SPACE SCOPE ALARM!

VOID SECTOR SEVEN _COMING IN_ IT'S ZAGO_ BUT HOW_ HE'S DEAD!

HE WAS DEAD! WE MUST MEET HIS THREAT. AND THE DEFENSE OF AURO IS EVER OFFENSE. COME!

AURO TO FORCE FIELD SENTRIES: PASS ME OUT, ADMIT NO ONE! STAND BY, CONDITION CRITICAL!

WE'RE THROUGH THE FORCE FIELD, AURO!

YES, BUT THROUGH TO WHAT?_ GOOD HEAVENS! LOOK! AURO, AURO, HEAR ME_ LOOK!

BY TAO! EVIL HAS A HOLIDAY _ WE'RE HELPLESS!

AND

GYRFALCONS' SCOURGE OF THE OUTER VOID! WE ARE LOST!

OOH_AWFUL! WHAT FURY LOOSED THEM? AURO, CAN'T YOU_

NO, DORNA WE CAN DO NOTHING OTHER THAN DIE, SHOULD TAO WILL IT ONE LONESOME HOPE_PREPARE FOR CRASH LANDING!

INSTANTLY

CRASHED SPACER. ITS MARKINGS ARE JUPITERIAN_ AID THEM!

PLASMA PUMPS_ OXO MOTORS, QUICKLY!

BUT

HOLD! WOULD YOU UNDO ZAGO'S REVENGE? IF SO, PREPARE TO DIE. DESTROY THESE JUPITERIANS_OR I DESTROY YOU_ ALL OF YOU!

LOOK_LOOK_ IT IS THE LIVING DEAD! WE MUST DO AS HE COMMANDS. KILL_KILL!

DORNA DAZED, YET WE ARE SAFE. THESE FOLK ARE FRIENDLY TO JUPITER.

NO_NO_SEE BEHIND YOU, AURO!

THAT LITTLE LAB, AURO. YOUR ONLY CHANCE

WHAT! DEATH FOR TREACHERY THEN. BUT I_A WARRIOR FEEL AN URGE TO RETREAT. WHY IS THIS?

AND I SHAMEFULLY ABANDON DORNA. WHY? I KNOW NOT, FOR AURO IS NO LONGER HIS OWN MASTER THAT LAB DOOR_I AM PROPELLED TO IT!

SAFE! LAB SEALED BUT WHY? WHAT AM I DOING HERE? IS THIS THE LORD OF JUPITER_THIS SNIVELING CUR WHO DESERTS HIS BELOVED?

WHEW! MADE IT THE LAB IS ANCIENT, YET THERE MAY BE SOMETHING.

NO! ONLY CRAVENS QUAIL, WARRIORS DIE IN BATTLE! YET-YET PERHAPS...

THAT BOOK ON THE FLOOR_ DESTRUCTION OF ORGANIC MATTER! THOSE TWENTIETH CENTURY OLD TIMERS WERE NOT SO DUMB AT THAT!

NOW IF HE'LL ONLY

THIS BOOK, WHERE CAME IT? AND NO! A DYNA-ELECTRO CONDENSER COUPLE, BUT_

AS

MIGHTY ONE, WE HAVE OBEYED YOUR WISH. WE ASK ONLY THAT YOU SPARE OUR ORBIT AS REWARD.

ZAGO IS PLEASED YET I MUST REWARD YOU.

WITH DEATH!

THEY WERE FAITHFUL AND TS YET WE DEAD WISH ALL OTHERS DEAD BUT PERHAPS DYANA YOU'LL UNDERSTAND BETTER WHEN YOU ARE DEAD!

NO! DYANA, SHAN KILL JON HE_JON HIM YOU KILLED!

THE GREAT GREEN CREATURE SHAWN_BUT THEY'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO EXIST. YET COMING CLOSER_ CLOSER_

MEANWHILE

BY TAO, BUT I HAVE BECOME THE FINE INVENTOR. YET TO SAVE DORNA, I FIRST MUST FIND HER. PERHAPS THAT OLD SPACE SCOPE.

RUST FILLED_BUT IT WORKS_SOMETHING COMING IN. DORNA! DORNA IN PERIL_ VOID SECTOR FIVE.

OH, I HOPE HE'S CAREFUL. HE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW POWERFUL THAT THING IS.

NO TIME TO LOSE. THIS SPACER_

THEY'VE GOT HER _CAN'T USE DIS RAYS FOR FEAR OF HITTING DORNA. ONE CHANCE_

HO! DORNA, WE HAVE YET TWO WEAPONS_ MY BLADE AND COURAGE.

WHAT! THE GREAT GREEN SPAWN DISAPPEARS_THEN THEY ARE BUT IMAGINARY EVILS! WE ARE SAFE!

AURO_OH, HEAR ME_ LOOK!

SOMETHING IMPELS ME TO TURN_ SHADES OF ZEUS_ ZAGO! HIS BRAIN!

YES, AURO AND YOU'LL FIND THAT I AM REAL_ AND DEADLY.

AURO_AURO, THOSE TENTACLES _OOH!

MY BLADE!

NO USE_FIBRE TOO POWERFUL _CAUGHT AND HELPLESS!

YOU'RE NOT, AURO_THE AMP-KIT, THROW IT!

BY TAO! THE BOX_PERHAPS!

ORGANISM DISINTEGRATING! YOU'VE WON, AURO YOU'VE WON!

DORNA, DOWN, UNDERNEATH THE PRESSURE!

MAN! THAT WAS THE ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA IT COULDN'T EXIST WITH AMP-PRESSURE CAUSING ATMOSPHERE TO RARIFY. THIS TIME ZAGO IS FINISHED FOR KEEPS

AURO_AURO, I KNEW YOU'D SAVED ME!

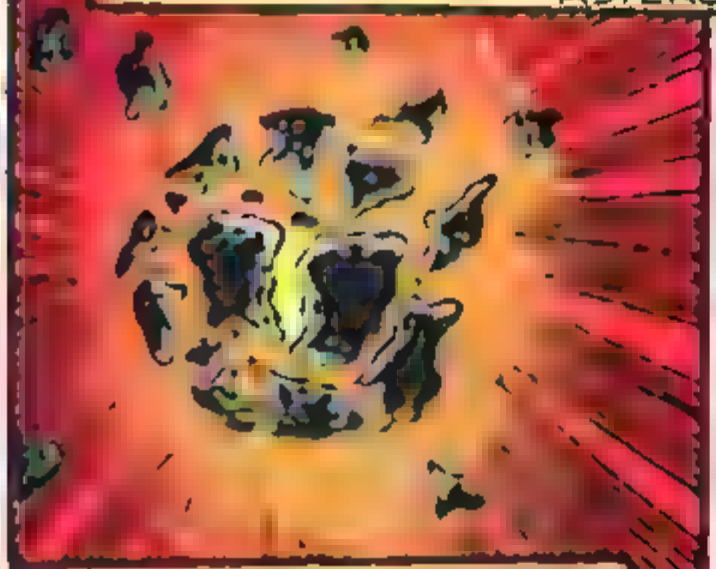
BUT OF COURSE. IT IS NOT LIGHTLY THAT I AM HAILED LORD OF JUPITER, DORNA!

OH, WELL, LET THE MUSCLE MAN BE HAPPY, I GUESS

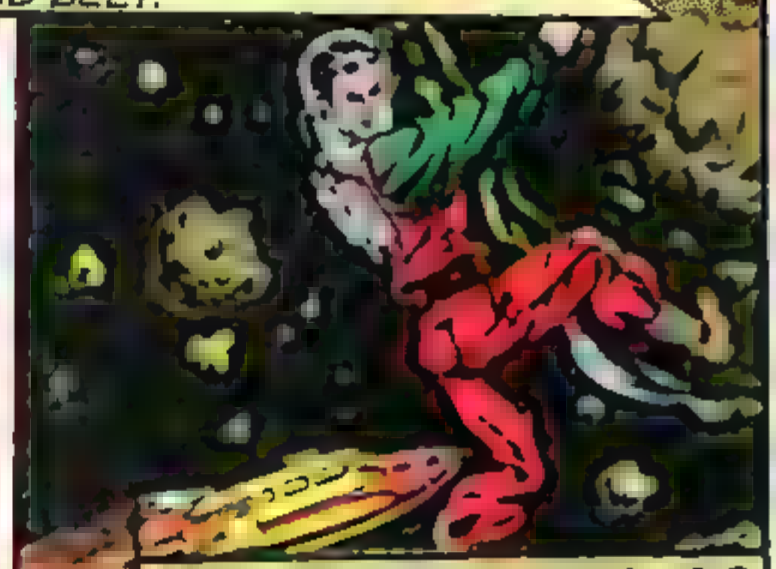
AURO IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!

MYSTERY OF THE ASTEROIDS

EONS AGO, A GREAT PLANET EXISTED BETWEEN MARS AND JUPITER. BUT A GREAT CATACLYSM DESTROYED THAT WORLD. AND ALL THAT REMAINS NOW ARE THE THOUSANDS OF PLANETOIDS, FORMING THE ASTEROID BELT.



THE CAUSE OF THAT EXPLOSION MAY NEVER BE KNOWN. BUT MIGHT NOT IT HAVE BEEN THE RESULT OF WAR BETWEEN SUPER CIVILIZATION?



WHEN SPACE EXPLORERS VISIT THE ASTEROID BELT, THEY WILL RARELY FIND ONE OF THESE BITS OF STAR DUST WITH A DIAMETER MORE THAN 3 MILES.

PERHAPS WHEN MAN VISITS EROS, LARGEST OF THE ASTEROIDS, HE WILL FIND REMAINS OF THE CIVILIZATION WHICH DESTROYED ITSELF, AND SO WILL SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE Asteroids!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of PLANET COMICS, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1946

State of New York, County of New York, ss

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Jack Byrne who, having been duly sworn according to law deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of the PLANET COMICS, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Love Romances Publishing Company, Inc., 670 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.; Editor, None; Managing Editor, Jack Byrne, 670 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.; Business Manager, T. T. Scott, 670 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Love Romances Publishing Company, Inc., 670 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.; J. G. Scott, 670 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is . . . (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) JACK BYRNE
Managing Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1946.

(Signed) GEORGE G. SCHWENKE,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1948.)

SPACE RANGERS

by HUGH FITZHUGH

A ROUTINE INVESTIGATION OF A ROUTINE CASE. A SPACE CRUISER THAT HAD DISAPPEARED INTO THE MIST SHROUDED LANES OF ASTRAL COURSE 7. ROUTINE? THEN WHY WAS IT EARTH'S VICEROY HAD CALLED IN HIS ACE TROUBLE SHOOTER, FLINT BAKER?

YOU SEE, FLINT, WE HAVEN'T LET THE NEWS OUT, BUT ACTUALLY **SIX** SHIPS HAVE DISAPPEARED IN THAT SECTOR!

HMM .. SO THAT'S WHY FLIGHTS WERE CANCELLED BUT HERE'S MY PLAN

VIDO-FLASH THAT OPERATIONS HAVE BEEN RESUMED.. BUT ONLY BOB AND I WILL GO- WELL PREPARED, I HOPE! AND MARY, AS FOR YOU AND HERC---

OH NO, FLINT YOU CAN'T SHAKE US **THAT** EASILY LET'S GO!

NEXT FLIGHT TO JUPITER VIA ASTRAL COURSE 7 LEAVES IN TEN MINUTES_ NEXT FLIGHT TO.

HEAR THAT? THE VICEROY'S BAITING THE TRAP_ NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS SPRING IT!

LATER.

JUST CHECKED THE RADA-SCREEN, FLINT_ BUT DIDN'T PICK UP A THING.

THAT'S FUNNY_ MAYBE THIS'LL BE A DEAD END TRIP AFTER ALL!

YEAH? THEN WHAT'S THAT JUST AHEAD?

WHAT! SPACE SLEDS, WITHOUT IDENTIFICATION MARKINGS! BOB, THIS MAY BE TROUBLE_ MAN THE ATO-DIS GUNS!

XANDO COMMANDING_ THEIR GUNS ARE NULLIFIED. PROCEED ACCORDING TO PLAN.

CAN'T BLAST 'EM_ CAN'T EVEN CONTROL THE SHIP. THIS ISN'T CRICKET_ WE WERE SUPPOSED TO SPRING THE TRAP! OH-OH_ THEY'VE LET OUT A MAGNO-DRAG NET!

FLINT, THEY'RE JETTING RIGHT FOR THAT MOUNTAIN_ WE'LL BE CRUSHED TO DEATH!

UNH, UNH_ AFTER ALL THIS TROUBLE, THEY WANT US ALIVE! LOOK, I WAS RIGHT_ THE MOUNTAIN'S OPENING!

AHH, THE TELOCON SHOWS MY ROBOSAPIANS HAVE NOT FAILED ME!

XANDO COMMANDING_ BRING THE PRISONERS TO THE THRONE CHAMBER.

...TO THE THRONE CHAMBER. (CLICK!)

HEADLESS MONSTERS CONTROLLED BY SOME SHE-DEVIL! DIS RAYS DON'T EVEN HURT THEIR HIDE!

HELP_ HELP!

CEASE YOUR FOOLISH STRUGGLES, WOMAN_ IT IS USELESS!

DO AS SHE SAYS, MARY_ OUR TIME'LL COME LATER!

YOU HOPE! FLINT, THESE GIANTS_ THEIR BODIES ARE VAGUELY FAMILIAR, THEY___ OHH! T-THEY'RE THE MEN OF THE SHIPS THAT VANISHED!

IMPOSSIBLE, MARY_IMPOSSIBLE!

IMPOSSIBLE? IMPOSSIBLE THAT I ALSO KNEW OF YOUR SUPPOSED TRAP_ AND NULLIFIED YOUR GUNS?? FOLLOW ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT IS!

I HAVE HEARD A GREAT DEAL OF YOUR REPUTATION_ FLINT BAKER. YOU SHALL MAKE A WORTHY ADDITION TO MY ARMY. AND NOW FOR THE TOUR.

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND, SISTER, IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO CHANGE ME INTO A WALKING MOUNTAIN!

FORTUNATELY YOU SHALL HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT YOUR FATE! AH_ HERE WE ARE AT THE CONTROL ROOM!

THOSE HEADS_ WHY THEY MUST BELONG TO___

YES, THESE HEADS BELONG TO ROBOSAPIANS. DON'T LOOK SO HORRIFIED. THEY'RE ALIVE_ EXCEPT FOR THEIR THINKING_ I DO THAT FOR THEM.

AND THE EMPTY JARS?

THESE? WHY THEY'RE RESERVED FOR YOU. BUT COME, THE NEXT IS BY FAR THE MOST INTERESTING ROOM. .

OBSERVE, HERE IS THE CHAMBER WHERE MY MASTERPIECES ARE CREATED!

FLINT_ THAT POOR DEVIL! OH NO_ NO!

YOU ARE A BIZARRE SU WOMAN, AREN'T YOU? AND YOU, BAKER.. IF PERHAPS YOU MIGHT SEE THINGS MY WAY_

THIS MAY SOUND TASTE BUT I USUALLY DON'T TEAM UP WITH RATS_ EVEN IF THEY ARE FEMALE, AND BEAUTIFUL!

VERY WELL, LET THE OPERATION BEGIN!

MINUTES PASS_ MINUTES OF HORROR! THEN

IT IS DONE! NOW BOBO, TAKE THE BRAIN TO LABORATORY! THE PLACE IN PRESERVATIVE K-35... AND AS FOR THE REST OF THE BODY..

WE SHALL SEE THE RESULT OF MASS BOMBARDMENT BY ENERGY CHARGED ATO-RAYS WATCH_ WATCH!

FANTASTIC_ FANTASTIC!

YEAH? IF I COULD GET A CRACK AT THAT BRAINLESS BABY...

AND WHY NOT? HERE, TRY YOUR SKILL! OR PERHAPS YOUR WORDS WERE GREATER THAN YOUR COURAGE_

NO! I'LL ACCEPT!

(GOOD! BOBO_ SEIZE HIM_ CRUSH HIM!

NO STUPID!

SEIZE HIM_ CRUSH HIM (CLICK)

WELL DONE, ROBO, WELL DONE! SNUFF THE LIFE FROM HIS WORTHLESS FRAME!

THIS KNIFE_ NO EFFECT! OHH!

BOB_ HE'S DONE FOR! XANDO, YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!

YOU, FLINT BAKER, EVER THE OPTIMIST, EH? BUT WE SHALL SEE_ WE SHALL SEE NOW, WHO SHALL BECOME MY NEXT ROBO?

FLINT, SHE_ SHE'S LOOKING AT ME! STOP HER_ STOP HER!

GOSH, EVEN I'M SORTA SCARED!

HER NOISY PRATTLES WERE BEGINNING TO ANNOY ME.. PLACE HER UNDER THE ELECTRO-BLADE_ BAKER AND THE MAN-CHILD IN THE TEST TUBES.

NO_ NO!

MARY_ MARY, DON'T GIVE UP HOPE!

BUT I'M WHISTLING IN THE DARK_THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO!

THE SWITCH__ THERE! FEAR NOT, WOMAN_YOU SHALL DIE_ BUT ONLY TO LIVE AGAIN, FOR ME!

BLADE DROPPING CLOSER__ MARY'LL DIE, UNLESS__ WAIT, ONE CHANCE!

AND THAT'S TO TIP THIS TEST TUBE! AHH, THAT DOES IT!

WHAT!!

NOW, FOR THAT STAB IN THE DARK... GOT TO REACH THE CONTROL ROOM!

ROBOS... QUICK... SEIZE HIM!

OH! OH! THAT MOUNTAIN BEHIND ME! IF I CAN ONLY REACH THE MASTER MIKE IN TIME!

MADE IT!

ATTENTION ALL ROBOS... CAPTURE XANDO, AND RELEASE THE GIRL!

THE FOOL!! HE'S TURNED THE ROBOS AGAINST ME, BUT HE'LL NEVER GET ME ALIVE!

SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'D BETTER GET TO THE SHIP. THE ROBOS ARE RUNNING WILD AND SEVERAL JUST ENTERED THE MUNITIONS ROOM!

OH! HOW HORRIBLE. SHE RAN RIGHT INTO THE BLADE.

DEAD, ALL OF 'EM... BUT I GUESS IT'S BEST!

SPACE RANGERS appear in every PLANET COMICS!

WAS EARTH A COLONY OF VENUS?

By H. McLEOD KENSINGTON, Ph. D.

SOME evening, when you stop to gaze at the myriads of stars, turn your eyes to the west and search for Venus, the evening star. And consider the legend of the mystic Orient which whispers that earth was once the colony of men from Venus!

Fantastic, you say? The mouthings of a fool? A goblin story to frighten children? Perhaps,—but listen:

Once, in the years before man, ships came from the sky and settled upon the earth. From the evening star came blue men to colonize Asia—to spread their culture across Eurasia as far as the British Isles. But suddenly, catastrophe struck and the colonists' existence was threatened. They abandoned earth; but before the last ship fled into space, these men transferred the brains of their injured and dying into apes that had been trained as servants.

And those apes, the legend says, have evolved into present day man!

Before you scoff, think of these things:

In Asia, especially in the Indonesian and Malayan areas, the ruins of infinitely old cities have been found. These ruins, upon analysis of modern archeologists, are said to be among the basic architectures of any dwelling up to within the pre-Christian time zone. Some of the ruins have no explanation —among the better known of these are the statues of Easter Island that face the sea, seeming to expect the return of their builders.

Another clue in regard to the structure of these ancient ruins is the similarity of the architecture of antiquity in far distant regions that seem not to have known the existence of each other. For example, one of the more famous type of structure is the pyramid. Slightly different modifications of the pyramidical form are to be found in the Indo-Chinese area, Egypt, and the jungles of Central America and Mexico. But civilization—as has been recorded within the memory of man—flourished in these widely separated regions at different times.

The second clue as to the probability of the legend may be found in the insistence that *BLUE* men were the colonists. Throughout the primitive amistic religions of the world, color played an important part. One of the most prevalent colors was blue. The Celtic priests of France and England, the Druids, painted themselves blue for all religious ceremonies. Julius Caesar makes a comment in his chronicles that the Celts and Druids of most tribal prestige were prone to paint themselves blue. Also, various religious orders of Asia painted themselves blue. And blue was one of the favorite colors of the American Indian when he went on the warpath!

A third substantiation of this theory might be found in its explanation of the much sought after missing link, that semi-man creature which evolutionists say must have existed between the great primeval apes and true man. Discoveries of various bone-fossils throughout the world have led present day archeologists and scientists to believe that many man-creatures arose from the dust of the earth at various times in remote spots. Well known to the most casual reader of science fiction or ancient history are the CroMagnon Man, Java Man, Peking Man, and Neanderthal Man. Yet each of these are thought to have developed in overlapping or separate periods of time. Also, they are regarded as primitive, but true man. Non-existent in all official record is the basic or root stock of all mankind. The gap between the ape in the jungle and the man in the cave is a big one which has never been adequately filled.

To support this colonization of earth legend-theory, two suppositions must be made: that it is possible to train the jungle ape, and possible to alter or transplant the brain of an ape so that after numberless ages it might evolve into present day man. These are not absurb possibilities!

Man, physically, is closely related to the ape—more closely related to the ape than any other living organism. The skull and body structures are essentially the same; the muscular, nervous, and lobal brain structures are highly similar. In fact, there is little argument among evolutionists that man is not the developed descendant of some offshoot of the ape family. The only question in anyone's mind is how and when did that offshoot ancestor develop?

Transplantation of a brain has outgrown bizarre fiction and is no longer a Frankenstein story, for Soviet scientists have kept the brain alive outside of the human body. The apes of present time have been the subjects for many experiments in conditioned learning—that is, their way of life—enviroment—has been completely changed. And the ape has made astounding advances, showing the intelligence of a six or eight year old child in dealing with problems of modern learning and living.

Let us, therefore, imagine the scene that served as a basis for this legend!

From out of space, for some reason that may have been merely the yearning for adventure and to explore insterstellar regions, or may have been the project survival of a world, came ships, loaded with scientists and warriors. Cautiously the ships nosed about the third planet of their system. At last, the die was cast! They landed.

And the planet that greeted their eyes was a savage, beastial world, Volcanoes coughed their white hot spittle to the skies; great beasts walked the earth, shaking the world with their every step, with their every scream. For a moment, the leaders of expedition looked at each other, their eyes admitting defeat. But when they searched more extensively and saw the richness of the earth in metals and vegetation, they knew they would stay, for their world was dying and earth was being born.

Construction began. Cities of stone and marble reached gilted spires toward the skies, toward the evening star. Builders were needed, and the colonizers took a great, lumbering biped from the jungles and trained him to carry stones, place them—to aid in the building of a new world. And when the colonizers were hurt in accidents or were dying, some one of their scientists conceived the idea of transferring the brain of the victim to the great, hungry servant—the primodal ape. Thus a new race was created, to serve a world empire.

Suddenly the colonizers left. Who knows what cataclysm caused this retreat?—Only the rocks of the earth and the grains of sand know, and they will not tell. Only the servants whose sturdy bodies could withstand far more than the highly-intelligent colonizers survived! They developed until they are man!

Scoff not! Legend says that a continent, holding a great civilization sank beneath the sea. A civilization that defied gravity with its wingless ships, that probed the earth for minerals. All people have the legend of visitors from the star, of god-like men who came and touched, created man, and then left—as though to survey their work from some distant post.

Only the grains of sand know whether the legend is true, and they will not tell. Man has developed, but his imagination will not concede that he may be the end product of some world's great gamble at survival.

The legend is there to analyze. When next you look at the evening star, Venus, look closely. Perhaps you will see the flashes of ships coming to visit earth, the lost colony. Perhaps they will come—soon!

MYSTA OF THE MOON

ROSS GALLUN

IT WAS A PRECIOUS METAL MYSTA SOUGHT— INVALUABLE FOR GOOD OR EVIL. AND LEST IT BE OBTAINED FROM AN UNINHABITABLE PLANET, BRON WAS DOOMED... IT ALL BEGAN IN THE MOON LAB, WHERE...

WELL, BRON, WE CAN EXPERIMENT NO FURTHER WITHOUT PLATINE...

I KNOW. MYSTA — FOUND ONLY IN THE SWAMPS OF VENUS, ISN'T IT?

THAT'S CORRECT. HOWEVER, LORIN, OF THE SPACE COUNCIL, HAS BEEN DICKERING WITH THE SWAMPMEN FOR A SUPPLY.

WELL, I GUESS WE CAN JUST AWAIT WORD FROM HIM! SAY— SOMEBODY'S CALLING ON THE TELEVISOR!

MYSTA, IT'S LORIN

GREETINGS, MYSTA. NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE SWAMPMEN HAVE BEEN CONCLUDED' PICK ME UP ON ASTEROID Y AND I'LL ACCOMPANY YOU TO VENUS FOR THE PLATINE.

RIGHT, LORIN, WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

COME, BRON- INTO THE SHIP

BUT, MYSTA, I DON'T GET IT! WHAT'S LORIN DOING ON ASTEROID Y?

HERE, IN THE LABORATORY OF REKOR...

WELL DONE, LORIN- BUT MAKE NO MOVE!

AS THE VENUSIANS EXPECT, MYSTA SHALL COME FOR THE PLATINE, AND IT SHALL MAKE ME RICH! SEIZE HIM!

REKOR, YOU- OOOH!

NO, NO! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? THAT CORPSE-

MOVE, DOG!

NOW, THE LINES INTO HIS VEINS- ARE THEY SECURE?

THEY ARE SECURE, MASTER.

"AH, GOOD- GOOD!" NOW DOES HIS BLOOD BEGIN TO FLOW AND SO DOES LORIN RENDER HIS LAST SERVICE TO REKOR!

WHILE ABOARD MYSTA'S SHIP...

SURELY, MYSTA, YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN WE CANNOT SURVIVE IN THE VENUSIAN ATMOSPHERE FOR MORE THAN ONE LUNAR HOUR?

NO, BRON. I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN. PRECAUTIONS HAVE BEEN TAKEN.

YOU SEE, WE HAVE THE NEW VITA-ELECTROID IF ANYONE IS OVERCOME BY THE ATMOSPHERE, THE CURRENT WILL ACT AS A STIMULATOR.

I SEE, AND THE MAGNA POWER CONDUCTORS ARE MADE OF OUR LAST BIT OF PLATINE.

YES, PLATINE— SIMILAR TO HUMAN BONES, THE ONLY THING THAT COULD CONDUCT. MAGNA POWER.

LET'S HOPE WE DON'T HAVE TO USE IT.—AH, VELOCITY GRAPH SAYS AN HOUR TO ASTEROID Y.

WHILE...

LIFE FADES FROM THIS ONE, BUT HIS APPEARANCE SHALL PROVIDE ME WITH AN AUTOMATON, SPEAKING AS MY THOUGHTS DIRECT. AH, THE CHANGE BEGINS..

...AND IT IS DONE!..

. HE LIVES! NOW TO ATTUNE HIS MIND TO MY THOUGHTS— MYSTA WILL THINK HE IS LORIN. SHE'LL BE TRAPPED, HELPLESS.

MYSTA COMES, O REKOR!

ABOVE..

TAKE THE CONTROLS, BRON. ROBOT, TAKE YOUR POST BY THE AUDOPHONE.

WE'RE LANDING, MYSTA. SOMEONE'S COMING TO MEET US.

I DON'T LIKE THIS. FIRST WE COME OUT OF OUR WAY AND NOW STRANGERS.

IT'S LORIN AND HE'S WITH SOMEONE. FUNNY, HE MADE NO MENTION OF COMPANIONS.

MYSTA, REKOR HAS BEEN OF GREAT AID AND WILL ACCOMPANY US COME, WE'RE WASTING TIME.

...AND WILL ACCOMPANY US_COME, WE'RE WASTING TIME_

REKOR GAINED THE SWAMPMEN'S CONSENT TO GIVE US THE PLATINE. HE'S A GREAT MAN, INVALUABLE.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE MAKING ARRANGEMENTS, LORIN. LORIN! WHAT'S WRONG?

STOP STARING LIKE AN AUTOMATON, LORIN! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? SOMETHING_ BRON, COME HERE. BRON!

YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE, MISTER_WE DON'T NEED YOU, SO I'LL JUST TURN THE HEAT ON!

A HEAT RAY! WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! GOT TO STOP HIM!

GOT HIM! HELP ME, BRON! GET REKOR—

HE'S HIT THE VITA-ELECTROID MYSTA, LOOK OUT!

OH NO, MY PRETTY. NO ONE'S GOING TO HELP YOU. REKOR'S TAKING OVER!

OOH!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS—

OH, NO? MYSTA, IF YOU VALUE HIS LIFE, DO AS I SAY!

REKOR, THIS DEVICE SHE CALLS THE VITA-ELECTROID IT'S DAMAGED. WE'LL HAVE JUST AN HOUR TO GET THE STUFF.

DOESN'T MATTER. MYSTA WILL ORDER THE SWAMPMEN TO BRING THE PLATINE TO THE SHIP

THE INTRA-SHIP COMMUNICATOR— NO! BRON MIGHT BE KILLED. MUST GET THE PLATINE!

GO TO THE TELEVISOR, MYSTA! TELL THEM TO BRING THE PLATINE HERE. DISOBEY, AND BRON DIES

S BENEATH THE VENUSIAN SWAMP. THE CITY OF OHMA

HO! OHMA, A SPACE SHIP HOVERS ABOVE THE SWAMP!

IT MUST BE MYSTA— FOCUS THE TELEVISOR.

OHMA, IT IS I, MYSTA. GET THE PLATINE AND BRING IT TO OUR SHIP!

BOUAR! DO AS SHE COMMANDS. MYSTA IS OUR FRIEND. HER WE CAN TRUST.

IMMEDIATELY THE VENUSIANS BEGIN THEIR TREK UP THROUGH THE SWAMP TO MYSTA'S SHIP.

WHILE...

YES, BRON WILL DIE, BUT YOU, MYSTA, WILL BE A FAITHFUL AUTOMATON AS WAS LORIN.

BRON IS DEAD. GOOD... GOOD. AH! THE SWAMPMEN COME.

WAIT UNTIL THEY'RE CLOSE TO THE SHIP BEFORE WE ATTACK, SPARE NONE OF THEM. MYSTA WILL BE BLAMED!

YOU DEVIL! YOU PUT BRON OUT OF THE SHIP. THE ATMOSPHERE WILL KILL HIM!

AND SO, REKOR'S MEN POUR FROM THE SHIP AND...

GET THE PLATINE. KILL THEM, QUICKLY!

AS

NOW IS THE TIME IF I AM TO SAVE BRON. TOO LATE TO WARN THE SWAMPMEN. MY THOUGHT IMAGE MUST GO TO THE ROBOT!

ROBOT, COME FREE ME QUICKLY!

FREE ME QUICKLY (CLICK')

ZZ

OON

OH! WE MUST NOT BE TOO LATE! BRON! BRON!_ ROBOT, SEAT HIM IN THE VITA-ELECTROID.

WHILE

THE PLATINE! THEY STILL FIGHT THE FOOLS! I HAVE THE PLATINE WHY SHARE IT WITH THEM? MUST GET TO THE SHIP_

HURRY, ROBOT_WE MUST GET BRON HE'S BEEN EXPOSED TO THIS ATMOSPHERE FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR.

IT MUST WORK! HE CAN'T BE DEAD_OH! THE MAGNA POWER CONDUCTOR WAS DESTROYED BY THAT RAY BLAST_ HE S_HE'S DEAD!

ROBOT, PREPARE THE TAKE-OFF_HE'S DEAD. BRON IS DEAD_BECAUSE OF THE PLATINE_ PLATINE_ BAH!

MYSTA! MUST GET RID OF HER_ GOT TO TAKE OFF FIRST_

THE FOOLS! LET THEM DIE IN THE ATMOSPHERE. MUST GET AWAY! KILL MYSTA NOW!

MINE! ALL MINE! THE PLATINE! MAKES ME RICH! NOW_MYSTA! KILL HER NOW!

YOU KILLED BRON, YOU DEVIL I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT_

NO! NO! YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME! I'LL KILL.... MY RAY_AHH!

THE CONDUCTORS! REKOR FELL AGAINST THE CONDUCTORS!

MYSTA. MYSTA.! WHERE AM I? WHAT'S HAPPENING? OOH, MY HEAD!

SO YOU THREW THE SWITCH AND THEN HE FELL, EH?

YES, THE MAGNA POWER PASSED THROUGH HIS BODY, KILLING HIM, AND REVIVING YOU_COME, I MUST CALL OHMA!

YES, OHMA, REKOR SEIZED THE SHIP, BUT HE IS DEAD NOW OF HIS OWN GREED. WE RETURN TO THE MOON_

THE EVIL ONE'S MEN HAVE SUFFOCATED. IT IS JUST.

WELL, MYSTA, REKOR IS DEAD AND WE HAVE THE PLATINE TO EXPERIMENT WITH!

MOST IMPORTANT, BRON, DEAR_YOU ARE ALIVE!

Adventures of MYSTA in every copy of PLANET COMICS!

STAR PIRATE

by LEN DODSON

INTO THE GLOOMY MISTS OF DREAD KALENDOS PLUNGED STAR PIRATE...DOWN_DOWN AMONGST THE HORRID, SLINKING SHAPES CALLED HUMANOIDS_EVIL GUARDIANS OF THE JEWEL CLAIMS_AND SPAWNED OF DESTRUCTION AND DOOM!

ABOARD THE JOLLY DODGER II

KALENDOS? THE LOST PLANET, STAR?

YEAH! AND WE'RE LANDING FOR A PEEK AT A CLAIM-JUMPING GENT NAMED MORO, WHO HAS THE JEWEL MINES TIED UP!

WOW! STAR, LOOK OUTA THIS SPACEPORT, QUICK! THAT GAL BELOW!

As

HEAT-RAY'S USELESS. ONLY STINGS THEIR UGLY HIDES! WHAT'LL I DO—?

HELP! HELP! THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON ME!

MOUND TRITONS! ATTACKING THAT BABE!

HOLD 'EM OFF TILL I LAND, HONEY!

HA! IN TIME!

HERE, FLABBY, HAVE A SHOT OF D/S-GUN JUICE! HOLD TIGHT, BABY, AND GIVE ME THE PITCH!

THE HUMANOIDS ATTACKED ME_ TOOK MY MAP_ THEN LEFT ME AT THE MERCY OF THESE MOUND TRITONS!

DROP THE PACKAGE, FATSO!

MY ANTI-GRAV BOOTS! GOTTA MOVE FAST!

LATER, ABOARD THE HUMANOIDS' SPACER...

THE VISI-RAD SCREEN GLOWS_ AH, MORO APPEARS!

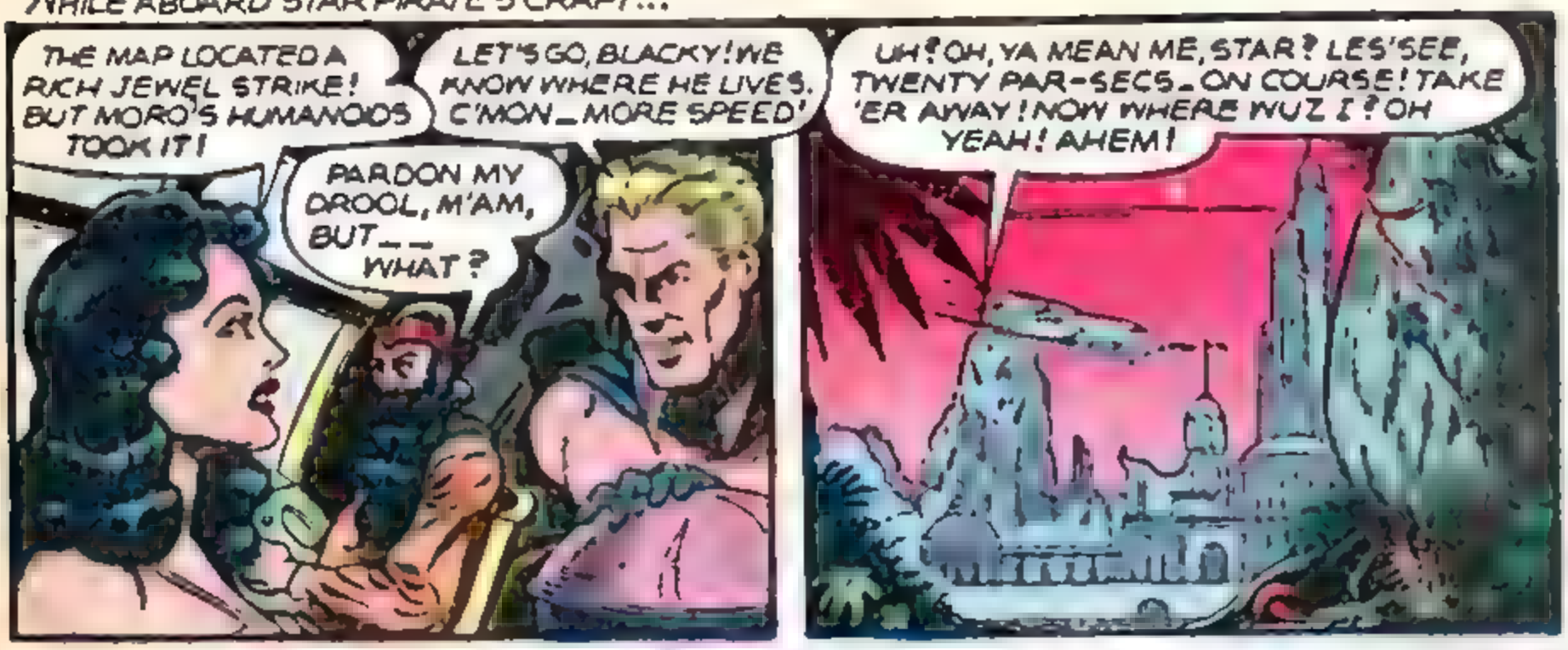
THE MAP IS OURS, EXALTED LEADER, AND THE GIRL IS BEING LIQUIDATED BY OUR TRITONS!

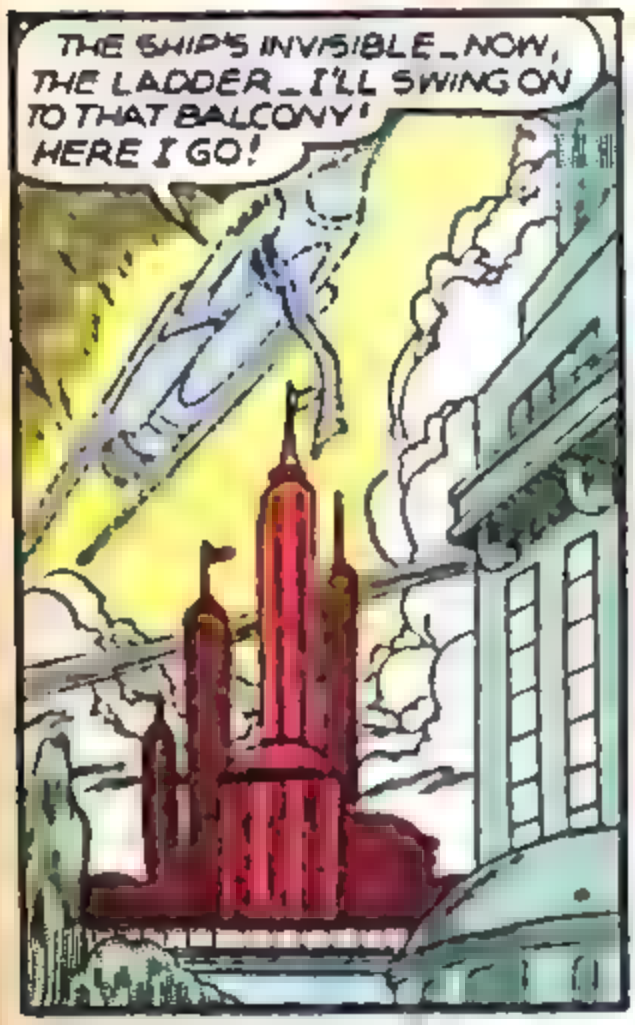
I ADMIRE YOUR FIENDISH DEVICE, DAZO_ BUT BRING THE MAP! QUICKLY! IT MUST BE REGISTERED!

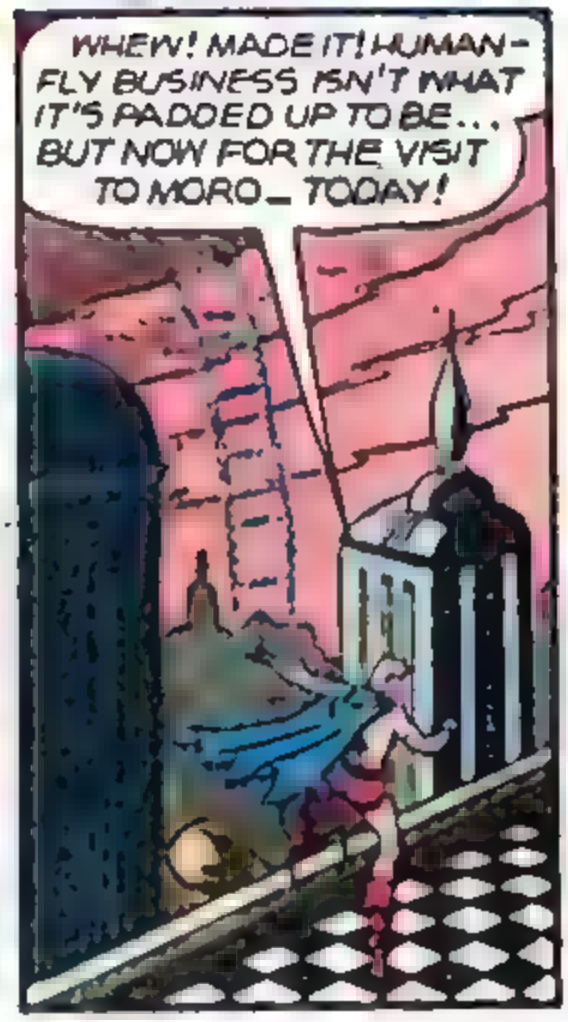
SECONDS LATER IN MORO'S NEOTERIC AERIAL APARTMENT...

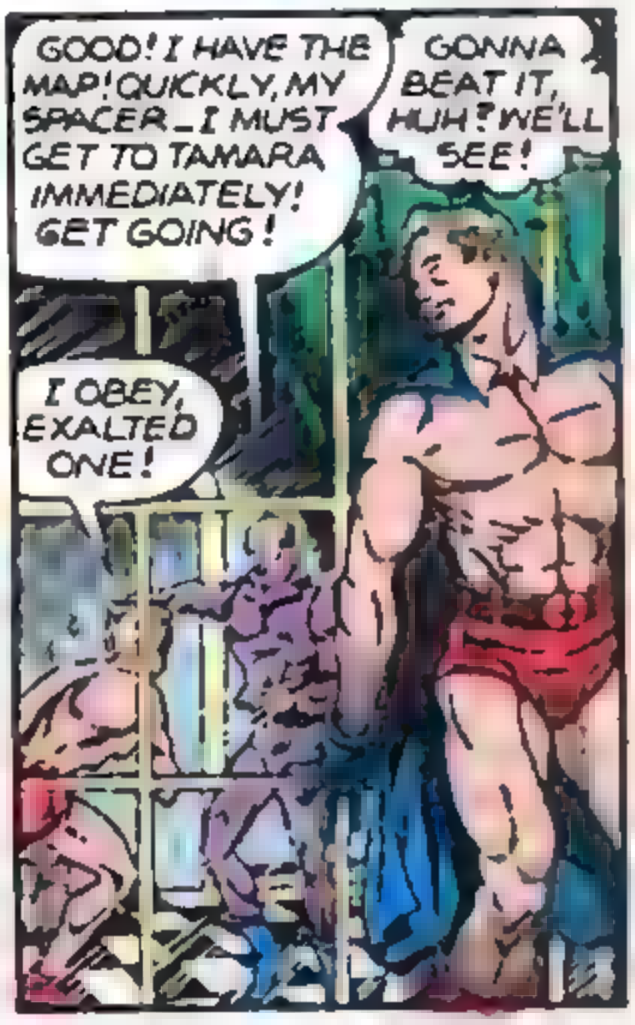
AH! THE SIGHT OF THESE JEWELS SETS MY BLOOD POUNDING! THIS POUCH IS HEAVY WITH DIAMONDS, RUBIES_ I, ALONE, POSSESS THE WEALTH OF KALENDOS! BUT I MUST HAVE MORE_ **MORE!**

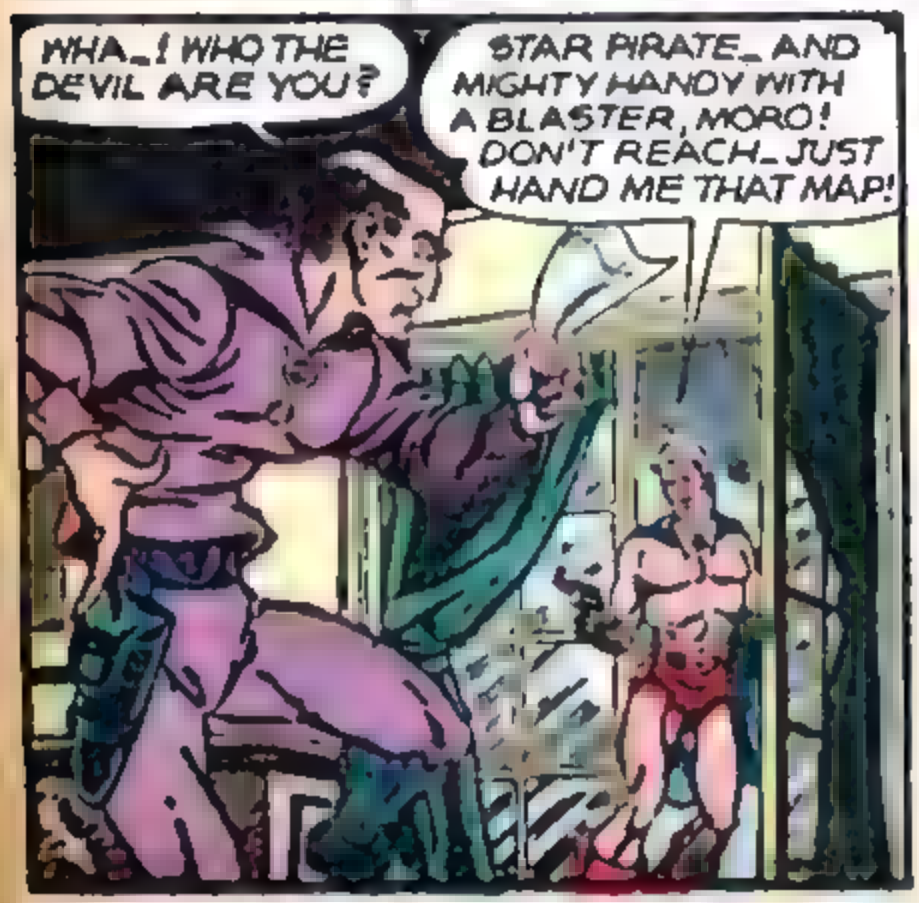
WHILE ABOARD STAR PIRATE'S CRAFT...


THE MAP LOCATED A RICH JEWEL STRIKE! BUT MORO'S HUMANOIDS TOOK IT!
LET'S GO, BLACKY! WE KNOW WHERE HE LIVES. C'MON_MORE SPEED!
PARDON MY DROOL, M'AM, BUT__ WHAT?
UH? OH, YA MEAN ME, STAR? LES'SEE, TWENTY PAR-SECS_ON COURSE! TAKE 'ER AWAY! NOW WHERE WUZ I? OH YEAH! AHEM!






GOOD! I HAVE THE MAP! QUICKLY, MY SPACER_I MUST GET TO TAMARA IMMEDIATELY! GET GOING!
I OBEY, EXALTED ONE!
GONNA BEAT IT, HUH? WE'LL SEE!



EASY COME, EASY GO! LIKE TAKING PEANUTS OFF A KID, AS YOU DID, EH MORO?
GIVE ME THAT MAP, YOU FOOL! DARE YOU OBSTRUCT MORO? MY TRITONS WILL KILL YOU!

YOUR SPACE-SHIP IS READY, O EXALTED ... WHAT'S WRONG?

GRAB HIM! HE HAS THE MAP! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

NOW OR NEVER! BETTER MAKE A DASH!

I REALLY HAVE TO BOLT, OLD BOY - BEAT IT, Y'KNOW! SO...

HE FLEES! GET HIM!

SWIFTLY MEN - SEIZE HIM! THINKS HE'S A BIRD - HE'LL FALL!

THEY CAN'T SEE MY INVISIBLE SHIP AND LADDER!

GOOD BOY, BLACKY! NOW - GET AWAY - FAST!

BAH! WE BLAST AT NOTHING! GET MY SHIP! QUICKLY!

INSIDE STAR'S SHIP

HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU, STAR?

IT CAN WAIT LILY! I'LL TAKE THE CONTROLS. BLACKY WHILE YOU GET THE FILE CLAIM OFFICE ON THE VIS-RAD!

THREE-GRID.. FIVE VI-SECS.. A TWIST - UH! AH, HERE THEY ARE! GOT 'EM STAR!

WHAT? YOU CLOSE IN FIVE MINUTES? BUT WE HAVE A CLAIM TO FILE_CAN'T YA MAKE AN EXCEPTION JUST THIS ONCE?

SORRY. BUT THOSE ARE GOVERNMENT ORDERS! FIVE MINUTES...

IT'S NOT FOR ME_ BUT THIS LITTLE GAL HERE!

GREAT SCOTT, MAN! I TOLD YOU_ UH! ER, THE GIRL? AHEM, MAYBE WE WERE HASTY... YES, WE'LL WAIT.

IT'LL DO US BOTH GOOD! WE'LL MAKE THE EXCEPTION THIS ONCE! WHY PAUL, WHAT'S WRONG_

LOOK! THE DOORWAY_HUMANOIDS_

LATER...

AH! CAUGHT THEM UNAWARES!

NOW QUICKLY! THE MASK!

GLAD THEY WAITED. THERE'S THE OFFICE, WE'LL BE DOWN THERE IN TWO SECONDS! COME ON, LILY!

COMING, STAR!

THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN, FOR WAITING.

YES! YES! BUT THE MAP_YOU BROUGHT THE MAP?

I'M THE ONE WHO'S REGISTERING IT!

THEN GIVE IT TO ME! I MUST HAVE IT! UH_ER ...PURELY FOR THE REGISTRATION, OF COURSE!

MY_BUT YOU ARE AN EAGER BEAVER, AREN'T YOU? HERE.

SUDDENLY...

AH, THE MAP! BLAST THEM_QUICKLY! WE WORK FOR MORO, NOT THE GOVERNMENT FILING OFFICE! DON'T MOVE!

WATCH OUT FOR HIM! HE'S MOVING IN!

SINK ME! BUT YOU ARE A CAD, SIR.

HELP! HELP!

BETTER FINISH THIS BIRD OFF FAST_GOTTA HELP LILY!

MINUTES LATER...

UNCONSCIOUS FROM MY BLOW! NOW, I MUST PUT THIS ONE AWAY! A CRUSHING SMASH, AND_

AH, GOOD! IN TIME! MY MASK IS SLIPPING!

OOH!

LOOK, LILY, HUMANOID S! THEY WERE ONLY POSING AS CLAIM OFFICE OFFICIALS! BUT HERE COMES THE MASTER-MIND, MORO!

YES! AND AS CAPABLE AS EVER, STAR PIRATE! WELL DONE, MY FRIENDS! EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL?

QUITE, MIGHTY MASTER! WE HAVE THE MAP!

NO GOOD CHISELING CLAIM-JUMPER!

PRECISELY! THE EXACT METHODS I'VE USED TO GAIN THIS FOOTHOLD ON POWER... LYING, CHEATING, DOUBLE-CROSSING_HAH! I AM A MOST COMPETENT SCOUNDREL--EH, PIRATE?

BUT WHO'S THAT COMING? WHY, IT'S_ IT'S_

THE PLANET-POLICE! FLEE, MORO, FLEE!

TOO-LATE! THEY'VE HEARD MY BOASTING! QUICKLY_BLAST THEM!

TAKE NO CHANCES, MEN. HE'S DESPERATE! DIS-GUNS!

SHOW NO MERCY!

BOTH MY HUMANOIDS BLASTED_ AND I MISSED! BUT I SHALL NOT MISS A SECOND TIME!

SORRY, OLD TOP, BUT YOU GET ONLY ONE CHANCE IN THIS GAME!

AH, AN EXCELLENT BAG! MORO_THE CLAIM JUMPER! IT'S GOOD YOU WARNED US.

I FIGURED A DEAL LIKE THIS_SO I TIPPED YOU OFF BEFORE WE GOT HERE.

FOR WHICH WE THANK YOU. BUT YOU ARE STAR PIRATE, AND THERE'S A HUGE BOUNTY ON YOUR HEAD!

WHERE IS YOUR ACCOMPLICE?

RIGHT BEHIND ME_LOOK!

YES_AN' DON'T MAKE ME BLAST YA, SEE_ 'CAUSE I'M SOFT-HEARTED, SEE! AND_

GRAB MORO'S JEWEL BAG, AND LET'S HIT THE ROAD!

SHATTER ME TIMBERS! BUT, AIN'T SHE A BLISSFUL KISSFUL!

BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU, LILY. WE'VE GOT TO BREEZE!

THANKS FOR THE RIDE, BOYS_AND SO LONG!

STAR PIRATE in every issue of PLANET COMICS!

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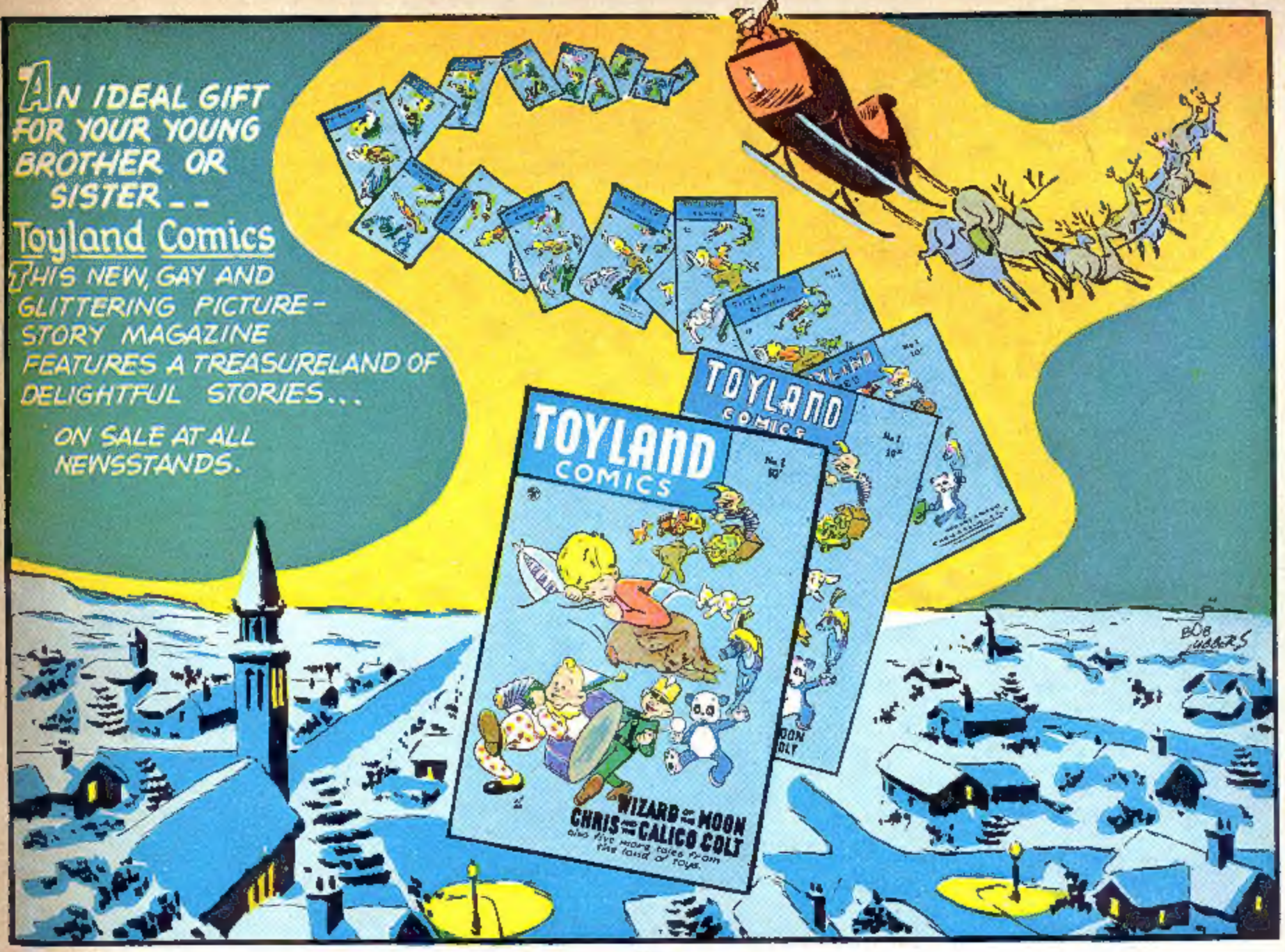

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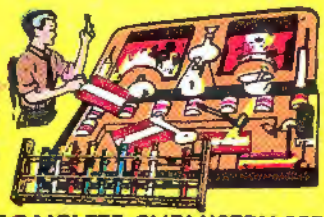

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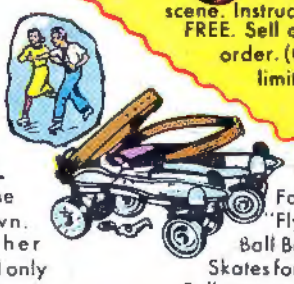

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